NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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Milton Hindus	Chess
Lincoln LaPaz	Meteoritics in the Southwest
Hartley B. Alexander	Giver of Life
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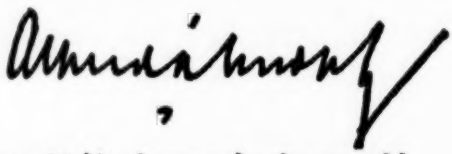

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER

CARL HERTZOG, PRINTER. In the course of its life the Quarterly has paid particular attention to the literary arts, a policy which will be continued. With the Spring, 1949, issue, however, we began to feature the pictorial arts. Our "Guest Artist" section has been so well received that we are encouraged to enlarge the field and probe into other significant values of the Southwest.

KATHERINE SIMON's essay on the renowned El Paso bookmaker, Carl Hertzog, is the first of a new series on salient figures of our region in the various arts. Scheduled for early appearance are "Laura Gilpin: Western Photographer," by John Collier, Jr., and "An Exceptional Musician: Kurt Frederick," by Ernst Krenek.

Miss Simons, born in Iowa and graduate from Grinnell College and Columbia University, teaches English and is Administrative Assistant in the UNM Graduate School. She has contributed to several journals and was Book Review Editor of the *NMQR* from 1942 to 1948. For years she has kept in touch with Carl Hertzog, and in her library one can see many of the handsome books that he has designed.

Hertzog's association with Tom Lea, José Cisneros, and other illustrators has produced remarkable books. In a letter from Mr. Hertzog to the Editor: "My strongest point is cooperation with author and illustrator. I seldom consider the type by itself but try to make the type 'work' with the illustrations. Even the composition of a 'chaste' title page takes into consideration the frontispiece opposite and is adjusted to it. Making the illustrations function as part of the type page is, I think, the most important idea to demonstrate."

GUEST ARTIST, VII. GUSTAVE BAUMANN is one of the original "Cinco Pintores" responsible for the establishment of Santa Fe as an important art colony. He has displayed his talents in various ways, as painter, engraver, illustrator, bookmaker, and producer of plays.

Born in Magdeburg, Germany, in 1881, he came to the United States at the age of ten and received his education at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Kunts Gewerke Schule of Munich. He is represented in the Metropolitan Museum, New York Public Library, Boston Museum, National Gallery of Washington, Chicago Art Institute, National Gallery of Toronto and other collections. A gold medal for engraving was awarded to him at the San Francisco Exposition, 1915.

His *Chips and Shavings*, 1929, *Frijoles Canyon Pictographs*, 1939 (selected as one of Fifty Books of the Year), *Sketch Booklet*, 1949, and other hand-press editions of art books on hand-made paper, are notable contributions to the graphic arts.

Though his main interest is in wood carving and wood panel painting, his searching mind has gone into other unconventional media such as

continued on page 390

Lincoln LaPaz

METEORITICS IN THE SOUTHWEST

THE GRAND CANYON is generally regarded as the most impressive single feature of the picturesque Southwestern landscape. From the scientific point of view, however, even this eighth wonder of the geomorphological world must share its high place with another and far less widely publicized topographic feature of this region, namely, the giant Barringer Meteorite Crater located, like the Canyon, in the state of Arizona.

The mountain-levelling torrents of precipitation that washed down the constituent materials of the wide gamut of strata now exposed in the Grand Canyon, the earth convulsions in the Veronnet zone that determined the course of the Canyon through these sedimentary beds, and the later widespread crustal movements that shaped its maturer form—all these belonged to a period of our planet's history which will not again be repeated. They were part of the one-way evolution of a developing planet and are no more likely to reappear and threaten the race of mankind than the vanished dinosaurs. On the contrary, the dangers forcibly suggested by the great meteorite scar know neither temporal nor spatial bounds, for at any moment and on any scale, cosmic masses like the one that blasted out the Arizona Crater may plunge through the tenuous, aerial armor of the earth and bring devastation to its inhabitants. The hazards incident to the creation of the Canyon appertained to an epoch more remote than

that of even the earliest fossil man; but such earth-shaking meteorite impacts as excavated the Crater are and will remain an ever present danger to *homo sapiens* and to the most remote of his descendants.

Small wonder then that meteoritics, once the neglected stepchild of astronomy, received an enormous accession in importance through D. M. Barringer's inspired and courageous identification of the feature that now bears his name as a meteorite-impact crater and not a mere "steam blowout." If to the stimulating presence of the first of all craters recognized as of meteoritic origin be added such factors as the favorable conditions for the observation, the preservation, and the recovery of meteorites supplied by the cloudless, arid climate and dry root-free[1] terrain of the Southwest; the organization in this region two decades ago of the first meteoritical society by Dr. Frederick C. Leonard, of U.C.L.A.; the establishment in the same area of military installations like White Sands Proving Ground, charged with successfully maneuvering rockets and other guided missiles through the very atmospheric strata traversed by the meteorites on their way down to earth; and, finally, the founding in 1944 at the University of New Mexico of the Institute of Meteoritics, the first scientific organization, at least in the English-speaking world, devoted to meteoritical research—if these be added, it is not difficult to understand why the Southwest is one of the centers of modern meteoritics. The other most active center seems to be the Academy of Science of the U.S.S.R., a nation shocked into taking an interest in meteoritics by the occurrence within its boundaries in 1908 of the first crater-producing meteorite impact of recorded history, and thereafter quick to sense the military significance of this newest branch of the oldest science, astronomy.

The fundamental importance not only of ascertaining the structure and composition of the meteorites (the only tangible

[1] Soil moisture and the sap in roots give false signals on sensitive meteorite detectors and, hence, seriously interfere with the search for buried meteorites.

samples of the extraterrestrial universe available for study), but also of determining the place, mode, and time of origin of these bodies and, since Barringer's discovery, of investigating the effects of their infall upon the earth was recognized long ago by scientists working in the most diverse fields. However, to find not only the scientific men but a substantial proportion of the entire population as keenly concerned about meteors and meteorites as is true in Russia, is a novelty and cannot fail to arouse the envy of meteoriticists of other nations.

Perhaps the only kind word that can be said about such a scientific heresy as Immanuel Velikovsky's widely publicized recent book, *Worlds in Collision* (1950), is that it will serve to focus the attention of English-speaking laymen on the hazards of meteorite impact and may thereby arouse more general interest in meteoritics. However, the oblivion into which the prototype of Velikovsky's book—Ignatius Donnelly's *Ragnarok—The Age of Fire and Gravel* (1883)—has fallen would seem to demonstrate that the stimulating effect of such sensational books, while initially violent, is quite transient. To arouse a universal and permanent interest in meteoritics, more successful procedures would seem to be to acquaint the general public with such indelible earth scars as the Barringer Crater and the many smaller meteorite craters more recently discovered in widely scattered portions of the globe; or to explain to our citizenry why in this atomic age individual and even national survival may depend on the ability speedily to distinguish between meteoric and man-made fireballs, as Dr. Louis Ridenour, of the University of Illinois, pointed out several years ago in the brief security-free era separating World War II from II+. Tennyson's "bearded meteor," once a thing of beauty, may now annoy forever, in spite of Keats' dictum to the contrary.

The reader will doubtless have inferred that meteoritics is concerned with the meteors and the meteorites. Let us examine somewhat more closely the subject matter, the fundamental

notions, and the terminology of this science. If one were to judge by the illustrations appearing in the textbooks of astronomy, the sole elements of the cosmos would seem to be *luminous* objects—the nebula, the stars, the planets and their satellites. Actually, a large part—possibly the greater part—of the matter in our universe is *nonluminous,* and occurs in aggregations ranging downward in size from the dark stars to impalpable dust. By means of what might be described as the girl-dancing-with-an-invisible-man effect, the most massive of these nonluminous bodies have been detected by their dynamical reactions on luminous objects, as in the case of the invisible components of certain multiple-star systems. The most minute nonluminous particles may, *in toto,* become perceptible if they cluster closely enough together to reflect the radiation of the sun—as in the Zodiacal Light and the Gegenschein—or to cut off the light of more distant stars—as in the case of the so-called "obscuring clouds" in the Milky Way. Nonluminous bodies either too small to belong in the first of these categories (although they may weigh billions of tons) or too widely separated to belong in the second (although they may number in the trillions), remain undetected by the terrestrial observer unless they happen to collide with and penetrate into the atmosphere of the earth. The individual solid bodies comprised in the not too sharply delimited range of undetectability are now generally called *meteorites,* although some authorities have presented cogent reasons for designating the largest such bodies as *asteroids* or *planetoids;* and all meteoriticists at one time or another depart from strict usage and lump the teeming "small-fry" together under the designation *meteoritic dust.*

When meteorites collide with the atmosphere, luminous phenomena of several varieties and degrees of intensity develop. If the material invading the atmosphere consists of swarms of the finest dust particles, then faintly luminous clouds *(Hoffmeister Wolken)* appear in the nighttime sky. The next grade of cosmic dust particles (coarser and less numerous) produce individual

light paths in the dark sky, but these are so faint as to be visible only with optical aid, whence the name "telescopic meteors." Still coarser and less numerous cosmic grains produce transient luminous paths, each bright enough to be visible to the naked eye. The technical term for such a *luminous* phenomenon is *meteor,* a word borrowed from the Greeks, who used it, however, in a less specialized sense. The name "shooting star," which is much more commonly used than "meteor," is a flagrant misnomer, i. e., a shooting star is not at all a distant sun in rapid motion. Roughly speaking, a shooting star appears in the atmosphere when a swiftly moving cosmic particle becomes heated by air resistance to such a temperature as to be rendered self-luminous. This rough statement gives but little insight into the complicated process which produces a meteor. It is highly probable that there are at least two stages in this process: a first, and invisible, *low density* stage in which the air molecules strike directly upon the unprotected surface of the solid cosmic particle—like drops of rain spattering on an astrodome. The heat generated by such direct impacts at velocities of the order of ten to fifty or more miles a second soon volatilizes the superficial layers of the solid particle and the vapor developed forms a protecting instantaneous micro-atmosphere around the particle, thus greatly increasing its effective size. In the second, or *high density,* stage farther down in the atmosphere, the vastly more numerous collisions between this expanding, swiftly moving complex of solid, liquid, and gaseous matter and the innumerable air molecules rapidly transform the kinetic energy of the complex into other forms of energy—notably those represented by ionization, heat and radiation. Part of the radiation thus developed is in the visible portion of the spectrum and, as a result, the moving complex at last becomes visible to the terrestrial observer and merits the name *meteor.*

From this dry technical explanation of what a meteor is, let us turn, Whitman-like, to observation of these interesting objects themselves. A few nights spent in watching the matchlessly clear

skies of the Southwest will disclose that the number of meteors seen per hour ranges from eight to twenty or more and varies with the position of the observer relative to the direction of the orbital motion of the earth, which is always toward a point on the ecliptic ninety degrees west of the sun. Roughly speaking, we may say that in the early evening an observer sees only those meteorites which overtake the earth, while in the early morning he sees all the meteorites which the earth meets or overtakes. The situation is analogous to that of a train moving through a cosmic snowstorm. At sunset the observer is riding, so to speak, on the rear observation platform and relatively few flakes strike his face. At sunrise he is riding on the cowcatcher and is thoroughly plastered—with flakes, of course.

More extended observations will show that the hourly rate of meteors varies not only with the time of night, but also with the season of the year, sometimes attaining values of a hundred or more per hour during the Perseid, Orionid, Leonid, and Geminid meteor showers, which occur during the last half of each year. To understand the nature of these showers and the reason for the names assigned to them, it will only be necessary to recall the beautiful spectacle beheld by all dwellers in the cloudless Southwest on the night of October 9, 1946, a date when the less fortunate inhabitants of the rest of the United States were shut off from the heavens by heavy unbroken overcast. Soon after dusk on that day, the sky was seen to be literally filled with brilliant meteors. To better appreciate the intensity of this meteoric cloudburst, it may be pointed out that to be photographed, even with the best modern equipment, a rapidly moving meteor must be quite bright. Since, on the average, far less than one meteor per night satisfies this condition, it is clear why photography is of so much less value in meteoritics than in other branches of astronomy. In spite of their photogenic disabilities, the meteors of October 9, 1946, fell in such multitudes that at the peak of the

display over Albuquerque the hourly rate of those bright enough to be photographed exceeded a thousand!

The casual watcher of this spectacular celestial display may have believed that the innumerable meteors traversed the sky in every direction; but the careful observer soon noted that each one of the myriad meteors moved in a path which, if extended backward, passed near the star. Nu, in the constellation Draco. The point marked by this star is called the *apparent radiant* of the meteor shower of October 9 and because it lies in Draco, these meteors are often called Draconids, or more precisely Nu-Draconids. In the same way, showers with radiant points in the constellations of Leo, Perseus, Orion, and Gemini are termed Leonids, Perseids, Orionids, and Geminids, respectively. It remains only to explain why the meteors seen during a shower all seem to emanate from the same point or apparent radiant. The explanation is simple. Such shower meteors have been found to be produced by meteorites moving in very nearly the same orbits as one or another of the periodic comets (if indeed they do not in their totality make up these comets). Hence, the arcs of the orbital paths of these meteorites included in any small volume of space, such as that swept out by the earth during the few hours duration of a meteor shower, are nearly parallel curves. Consequently, the very short subarcs of these meteorite paths which become visible to us as meteors are almost exactly parallel straight line segments and, as such, appear to concur. This appearance is merely the effect of perspective, as is the apparent convergence of the rails of a railroad track in the distance or of the slender beams of sunlight passing through rents in a cloud veil to form the spectacle often mistakenly referred to as "the sun drawing up water."

For the great majority of the cosmic particles that chance to collide with our atmosphere during either a heavy meteor shower or the light sprinkle of an ordinary night, the duration of visi-

bility of the resulting meteor is less than half a second, i. e., within that brief time the invading meteoritic substance is completely volatilized. Proper appreciation of the handicap thus placed on the meteor observer will go a long way toward dispelling the distrust of meteoritics engendered in some minds by the astronomer's ability to predict eclipses with the certainty of wars and taxes, while the meteoriticist either makes no predictions at all or, if he hazards a forecast of a meteor shower, does so with an eye on an alibi. The situations confronting the two scientists stand in the sharpest contrast: on the one hand, the lunar theory which supplies the means of making eclipse calculations has been elaborated on the basis of countless accurate measurements of the position of the moon in the sky carried out with every refinement possible in observations made at leisure by astronomers of this and past generations. On the other hand, the meteorites as we have seen are not visible to an observer at all until they are actually evaporating in their final swift rush through the atmosphere. As they fall without warning and their period of visibility endures on the average less than half a second, it is clear that the numerical data furnished the theorist in the field of meteoric astronomy is obtained by unwarned observers making measurements on exceedingly transient objects which have never been seen before and will never be seen again. It is little wonder that great difficulty is experienced in computing from data secured under such circumstances the position and behavior of groups of meteoritic particles as yet unseen by anyone; and the problem is further complicated by the differential perturbations which the massive planets exercise on widely scattered aggregations of meteorites which are held together but feebly by the weak gravitational attraction of the group on its members.

A second inference is to be drawn from the rapidity of meteoritic ablation alluded to in the last paragraph, namely, that unless the extra-atmospheric mass of the invading meteorite is considerable, there is no possibility that an appreciable fraction of it will

survive the fiery ordeal of transit through the atmosphere and fall as a solid mass on the surface of the earth. Meteors are the luminous shavings produced when meteorites pass through the atmospheric planing mill. Like planks, the solid meteorites emerge from this experience greatly reduced in size. If they are quite small to begin with—as are most of the meteorites in interplanetary space—then nothing endures to escape from the atmosphere. Indeed, it has been estimated that, on the average, not more than a thousand of the hundreds of billions of meteorites that annually bombard the earth actually drop solid survivors on the land surface of the globe. As for the giants among meteorites, those whose masses at impact with the ground are to be measured in thousands or even in millions of tons, one of mankind's most providential (and least realized) blessings is their very low average rate of infall per century. Nevertheless, twice in the last half century macro-meteorite falls have devastated large but, fortunately, very thinly populated regions of the earth.

It seems advisable to preface consideration of the almost incredible destructive effects produced by the fall of such giant meteorites by first examining the phenomena incident to the infall of more typical cosmic intruders. We choose to illustrate such smaller scale but still quite impressive phenomena by giving an account of the meteorite shower of February 18, 1948. This choice is dictated not alone by the remarkable nature of the specimens which the Institute of Meteoritics recovered from this shower (they now serve as the type-stones of a new class of meteorites) and their record-breaking size (the main mass of the shower, which is now on display at the Institute, is at once the largest stony meteorite so far recovered anywhere in the world, and the largest meteorite of any type ever *observed* to fall) ; but also by the wish to make clear the desirability of, and indeed the necessity for, carrying on publicity campaigns in connection with field searches for fallen meteorites.

A little reflection surely will convince any reasonable person

that meteorite hunting, unlike pure mathematics, cannot be conducted with profit solely by publicity-shy individuals comfortably seated in armchairs. Unlike the bacteriologist, who can brew up his cultures at will in a convenient laboratory, the meteoriticist is dependent on specimens that fall so widely separated in space and time (and usually in such hellishly out-of-the-way and inaccessible spots) that without the assistance of a widely distributed network of interested and helpful voluntary observers none of them would be recovered. In meteoritics as in perhaps no other science, further progress depends on the intelligent cooperation of the layman, that fortunate individual destined because of his ubiquitousness not only to witness all meteorites yet to fall, but also, sooner or later, to stumble on all those that have already fallen. If he can be properly interested and instructed, his efforts will preserve for science information and materials which otherwise would be lost irrevocably. As will become apparent in the sequel, the Institute's success in locating and recovering the meteorite that fell on February 18, 1948, is directly traceable to its having conducted educational campaigns by way of press and radio, thereby establishing friendly and mutually profitable relations with large numbers of military personnel and civilians.

At 4:56 p. m. CST on the date in question, the appearance of a large and brilliant fireball startled the inhabitants of eastern New Mexico and the adjoining Great Plains region. Two hours later, shortly before 6:00 p. m. MST, an account of the light and sound phenomena that accompanied the fall of this object reached the Institute through the alertness of Lieutenant R. E. Young, then a member of the New Mexico Wing of the Civil Air Patrol. Although the initial reports described the fireball as an airplane falling in flames, Lieutenant Young, who had earlier received precisely the same description of the great meteorite fall of October 30, 1947, in the Four Corners region of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah, correctly sensed that the reports of February

18 probably also related to a meteorite fall; and relayed them to the Institute as they were received at Kirtland Field in Albuquerque over the C.A.P. communications network. Within a few days, much additional information was secured via the C.A.P. whose network was made available through the courteous interest of Major Charles L. Phillips, then A.F.-C.A.P. liaison officer at Kirtland. While the value to meteoritics of such cooperation from the military cannot be overestimated, it is also clear that C.A.P. and similar units profit by participating in meteorite hunts, for the circumstances attending the search for meteorites are in many respects analogous to those encountered in airforce search and rescue work and resemble even more closely those that will arise when the United States has occasion to defend itself against attack by rockets and other guided missiles.

In addition to the data secured through C.A.P. and other military channels, helpful reports came in from persons either alerted by the Institute in connection with earlier field surveys or interested in the problem of locating the fallen meteorites through the large amount of publicity given to attention-provoking releases on the fireball of February 18 kindly prepared by Dr. G. Ward Fenley, Director of the Public Information Office at the University of New Mexico. There thus became available so many concordant observations for the determination of the area in which lines of sight to the point of disappearance of the fireball intersected that by March 3 it was possible to calculate with a considerable degree of confidence the location of the elliptical "strewn-field" where the meteorites fell (Figure 1). Although blizzards prevented the first expedition to this area, sent out from the Institute on March 24 under the leadership of Douglas M. Gragg, from searching this strewn field, a second expedition led by the writer had better luck, and on April 28 began to recover meteorites in the designated area. These discoveries raised interest in the meteorites to a white heat and soon it was possible to look in almost any direction and perceive farmers or their wives

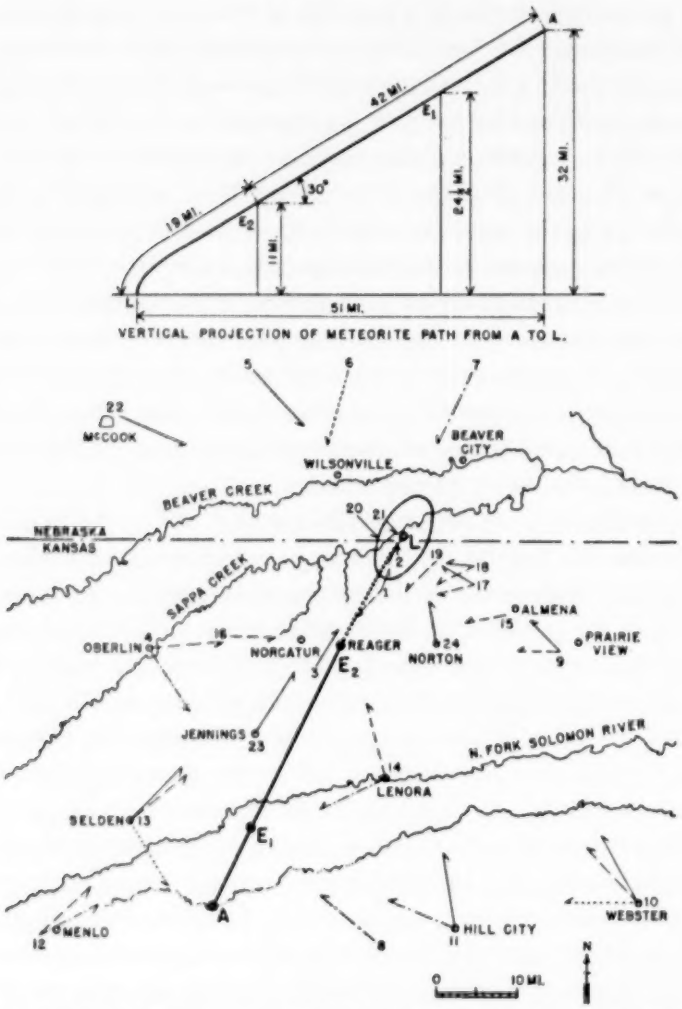


FIG. 1. Locality of the meteorite fall of February 18, 1948. A-L is the horizontal projection of the path of the meteorite. The insert above is the vertical projection of the path from A to L. E_1 and E_2 are points where "explosions" or disruptions of the falling meteorite occurred. The arrows indicate observed directions of first appearance, A, dotted; of first explosion, E_1, dash-dot; of second explosion, E_2, dashed; and impact, L, solid. The elliptical area surrounding L is the provisional search area determined on March 3 by the Institute of Meteoritics. Numbers on the arrows serve to identify the persons responsible for the plotted lines of sight.

and children plodding slowly across the fields, closely scrutinizing the ground at their feet. Larger and larger finds were made, culminating in the discovery on August 16, 1948, of the huge one-ton main mass of the fall, which had buried itself in a conical impact funnel six feet wide at the top and more than ten feet deep. This record-breaking mass was excavated by the Institute of Meteoritics and the University of Nebraska, which had jointly acquired possession of the stone from Miss Helen Whitney, of Cambridge, Nebraska, owner of the land on which it fell. No doubt this main mass, like hundreds of other specimens recovered from the shower, would have been donated to the scientific institution responsible for discovery of the "strewn-field" had not a commercial meteorite collector "horned in" on the proceedings and attempted to acquire title to the Whitney meteorite. This collector was finally outbid by a combination of the Universities of New Mexico and Nebraska, but only after a hurried long-distance appeal for financial assistance had been made to Tom L. Popejoy. Without President Popejoy's prompt and understanding support, months of labor would have gone for naught and the most valuable meteorite so far seen to fall would have been lost to science.

The meteorites recovered from the shower of February 18, 1948, were at once recognized as of superlative scientific importance for several reasons. Almost all of the meteorites so far found are classifiable into three main groups, namely, the *irons,* the *iron-stones,* and the *chondritic stony meteorites.* Specimens from the first group closely resemble fragments of such a nickel-iron *core* as the earth is now believed to possess; those of the second group present many similarities to fragments of such an *intermediate zone* of silicate minerals with a generous admixture of nickel-iron as is thought to surround the core of the earth; and, finally, the chondrites resemble in structure and composition fragments of the nickel-iron sprinkled silicate layers which make up the deeper-lying portions of the earth's crust. Guided by such

evidence, the French meteoriticists, Boisse and Meunier, long ago conjectured that all meteorites are simply fragments of a single body—the so-called "meteorite-planet"—in size and constitution much like the earth, which had been shattered to bits by some celestial catastrophe. In December, 1947, Dr. Harrison Brown, of the Institute for Nuclear Studies of the University of Chicago and the Argonne National Laboratory, was awarded the American Association for the Advancement of Science prize for "a notable contribution to science" as a result of discoveries made by him which strongly supported this "meteorite-planet" theory. While this theory therefore seems at the present moment to be better founded than any of the several other competing explanations of the origin of the meteorites, additional *direct* evidence favorable to it is, nevertheless, urgently desired. Since we have only *indirect* evidence regarding the composition of, and the physical processes occurring in, the deeper-lying portions of our own globe, we cannot hope to secure the required direct evidence from study of the irons, the iron-stones and the chondrites, for these meteorites, by hypothesis, reflect conditions that existed at a level in the meteorite-planet corresponding to the inaccessible interior regions of the earth. Our only hope is to find meteorites which may reasonably be regarded as coming from a zone so near the surface of the meteorite-planet that the corresponding zone in the earth is sufficiently accessible for its characteristics to have been ascertained. Consideration is thus limited to certain rare stony meteorites, the so-called *achondrites,* which for chemical and other reasons are surmised to have been derived from the outermost silicate zone of the meteorite planet, a zone whose terrestrial analog has, at least in part, been exposed to the direct scrutiny of scientists. The meteorites recovered from the February 18 shower not only turned out to be of the rare achondritic type; but, moreover, showed in slickensided surfaces, in abnormal development of cleavage, in highly strained glassy enstatite phenocrysts, and in certain other peculiarities, unmistakable evidence

of having been subjected to such dynamic metamorphism as is known to have occurred in the deepest layers of the earth's crust accessible to study and which may therefore legitimately be presumed also to have operated in the corresponding lithospheric layers of the meteorite-planet. It is not too much to say that the stones which fell in Kansas and Nebraska on February 18, 1948, have supplied more direct evidence of the destruction of some pre-existing planet to form the meteorites than has been provided by all of the other achondritic falls in history.

In order to insure exhaustive recovery of the scientifically invaluable Kansas-Nebraska achondrites and to collect as much information as possible concerning the phenomena that accompanied their arrival on the earth, the Institute sent five expeditions into the area of fall. These expeditions drove over ten thousand miles, recovered hundreds of fragments of the priceless but ultrafriable achondritic material, and in-

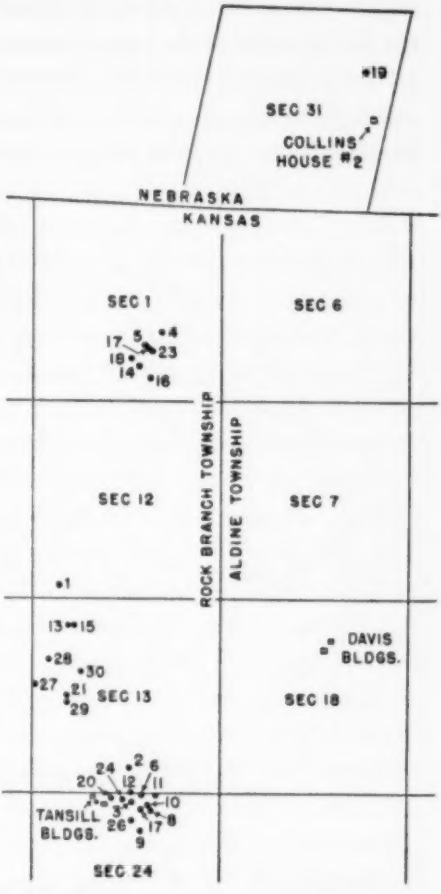


FIG. 2. Distribution of recovered fragments of the Norton County, Kansas-Furnas County, Nebraska, meteorite fall of February 18, 1948. No. 18, the 130-pound meteorite. No. 19, the 2000-pound meteorite. The entire area shown here is in the lower left quadrant of the elliptical search area shown in Figure 1.

terviewed countless eyewitnesses of the great meteorite shower. On the basis of these interviews, of transit measures made from the exact spots where observers had cringed during the tumultuous infall of the meteorites, and of an instrumental survey of the entire region of fall, it became possible to prepare a map showing the distribution of the major meteorite recoveries (Figure 2); to construct a central zenith projection of the celestial sphere determining the apparent radiant of the fireball (Figure 3); and to derive a fairly complete picture of what was experienced by those

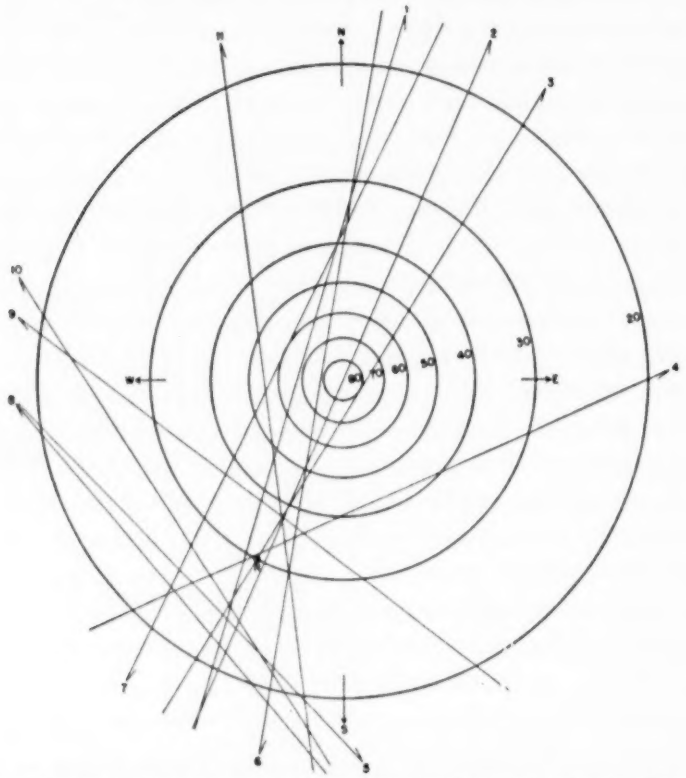


FIG. 3. Graphical derivation of the apparent radiant, *R*, of the fireball of February 18, 1948, from a zenith-projection of the celestial sphere. The radiant, *R*, had an altitude of 30° and an azimuth, measured from the south, of 27°.

fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to witness the greatest of all known stony meteorite showers.[2]

Only a brief summary of a few of these unusual, startling, and, in one case, fatal, experiences can be presented here. At 4:55 p. m. on February 18, 1948, Mrs. Orville Manning and her son, Ralph DeWester, were walking through the backyard of the headquarters building on the huge McKinley Ranch in Norton County, Kansas. Twenty miles west and south of this Ranch, a convalescent shell-shocked veteran was loading fodder on the farm of W. J. Yoho. A few miles south of the Yohos, Creta Carter, 11 years old, of Jennings, Kansas, was stretching on tiptoe to reach a clothesline built for adults. Some ten miles east of the McKinley Ranch, the matched bay mares of Dale Severns' favorite team were grazing quietly in the pasture that had been their home for many years. Less than a minute later, Mrs. Manning and Ralph, petrified with astonishment, were gazing upward at an angry, boiling cloud, streaked with reddish flame, that had suddenly blossomed out in the clear blue sky, and all around them the air was filled with unearthly whizzing sounds; on the Yoho farm, the veteran crouched in a state of collapse, while a cannonading louder than any he had endured in Europe beat down from above; in Jennings, tiny Creta, although frightened by a brilliant fireball that had almost blinded her and by earth-shaking thunder that followed its flight across the sky, was yet self-possessed enough to mark carefully where this fireball had disappeared behind one of the town buildings, thus providing one of the best of all azimuth determinations reported to the Institute; and, on the Severns' farm, "the bay mares trapped on their sides between the precipitous walls of a narrow muddy gully into which they had blundered while racing desperately away from the deafening noise, were pawing blindly toward suffocation."

2 For details consult Lincoln LaPaz, "Norton, Kansas, Meteor," *Science Illustrated*, Vol. 3, No. 11, November, 1948, and "The Achondritic Shower of February 18, 1948," *Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific*, Vol. 61, No. 359, April, 1949.

In the towns of Norton, Norcatur, and Oberlin, Kansas, near the impact center, the noise and concussion were nothing less than terrifying. Thousands of persons driven outdoors by the cannonade saw, high over their heads, mushrooming clouds compared by many to those that accompany atomic bomb explosions. Few of all these people actually saw the fireball whose flight across the sky was the precursor of all the tumult that followed. Unlike Creta Carter, the average eyewitness did not have his eyes turned heavenward at the crucial instant. As a result, the most absurd explanations of the "Norton incident" got into circulation. It was widely attributed to the explosion of an atomic warhead on a rocket gone astray from White Sands Proving Ground or fired from an enemy country, and only the discovery of meteorites finally put an end to such disturbing rumors.

Dramatic as are the reports given Institute personnel by those who saw and heard the Kansas-Nebraska meteorites fall, they pale into insignificance beside local accounts of the two great falls that have occurred in Russia in the last half century. Since the startling stories told by eyewitnesses of such large but by no means record-breaking falls will aid the reader to better picture what really appalling effects were produced not only throughout the Southwest, but also over the entire world when the greatest of all known meteoritic projectiles plunged into the earth-target at what is now the Barringer Meteorite Crater in Arizona, it seems worthwhile to give a brief summary of the phenomena observed at the time of one of the Russian falls, that of Podkamennaya Tunguska.[3]

At eight o'clock in the morning of June 30, 1908, a fireball brighter than the sun was seen in rapid flight from south-southwest to north-northeast by thousands of Siberians, some distant hundreds of miles from the path of the falling meteorite. At im-

[3] Based on translations of, and critical commentaries on, the original trustworthy Russian scientific publications. See Lincoln LaPaz and A. Gerhard Wiens, *Contributions of the Society for Research on Meteorites*, Vol. 1, No. 1 (1935), 29-39; Vol. 1, No. 2 (1936), 15-20; Vol. 1, No. 3 (1937), 29-33; Vol. 2, No. 3 (1940), 203-226.

pact of this body with the earth, a fiery vertical fountain, followed by a huge cloud of black smoke, rose to such great heights that both were visible from stations more than three hundred miles away. Since quite similar phenomena are observed in the case of A-bomb explosions, it is possible from the convective theory of rising atomic clouds to make an estimate of the energy released by the impact of the Podkamennaya Tunguska meteorite with the earth. In this way, the writer has recently calculated that this energy was probably in excess of 10^{22} ergs and hence greater than that released by the A-bomb test explosion near Alamogordo on July 16, 1945. (This calculation is only one of several examples that might be given to illustrate an interrelation between meteoritic and atomic phenomena which provides an excellent reason for establishing meteoritic research centers in proximity to atomic installations.)

Naturally, the almost instantaneous release of such a vast quantity of energy by the Podkamennaya Tunguska meteorite produced explosive and other effects startling in the extreme. More than eighty million pine and larch trees growing in a circular region of two thousand square miles concentric with the impact-area were blown down by the outrushing explosion wave; and these trees, which fell with tops directed outward along lines radiating from the impact center, were found to have experienced the same sort of continuous, uniform, superficial charring as was later to be one of the most curious features observed on vegetation destroyed by the transient but ultra-high temperature developed in the central region of the A-bomb test in New Mexico.

The air-wave from the meteorite explosion spreading out beyond the region of blown down trees retained power enough to damage roofs and to break doors and windows in the small Russian trading post of Vanovara more than forty miles from the point of impact. This same expanding air-wave registered itself on all the barographs in Central Siberia and was recorded on the microbarographs at several English stations distant more than

3500 miles. Similarly, the earthquake generated by the impact was violent enough to be recorded on seismographs thousands of miles away.

The effects described in the last two paragraphs should give to the scientist a clear quantitative picture of the enormous destructive power of the Podkamennaya Tunguska meteorite fall; but perhaps the general reader will find it easier to gauge this power from a brief account of the experiences of the Tunguse nomads who were living in the Podkamennaya Tunguska region in June, 1908. The Tunguses raise herds of reindeer for the same manifold purposes as our own Navajos raise flocks of sheep; and, to protect their animals from the mosquitos, camp during the summer on as high ground as possible. Since precisely such elevated spots caught the worst of the blast from the Podkamennaya Tunguska fall, the Tunguses and their herds suffered greatly. Thousands of the reindeer were destroyed, only their charred carcasses remaining. The reindeer skin tents and other shelters of the nomads were burned up or—outside the region of thermal effects—were blown down by the great pressure wave. To read the Tunguses' stories of their own injuries and the destruction of the herds on which they subsisted, of the fire that flew down from the sky and charred their animals and melted up their samovars and other precious possessions, cannot fail to call to mind published accounts of the survivors of the Hiroshima combat-drop. Perhaps the reader, noting again and again the remarkable similarity between the phenomena incident to great meteorite falls and A-bomb explosions will offer up two fervent prayers: the first, that while international relations are strained to the breaking point, no macro-meteorite will chance to drop in on our troubled world; and the second, that never again while man inhabits the earth will it be struck by a meteorite as large as the super-giant that blasted out the most interesting and awe-inspiring topographic feature of the entire Southwest—the Arizona meteorite crater.

Philip Murray

IN THESE poems Mr. Murray is trying to make the sonnet over to his own purpose. His purpose, I gather, is to align a fairly elusive content with a traditional form that has been altered to permit special tonal and verbal effects.

The experiment goes well. The poems all feel like sonnets but with a difference notable in at least five of them. And the difference is enough to stir our interest without distracting us from what is being said. In *Polar, The Natural Cave,* and *The Fugitives,* the fourteen-line pentameter has been maintained without rime, while in *The Scotograph* and *Laughing Boy* a fairly regular rime scheme is apparent in iambs of irregular line quantities. *The Coffee Ensign* is the only strictly conventional sonnet in the group.

By lightly reworking the sonnet form in this way Mr. Murray is free to pursue more particular matters of word allusion. Of one

aspect of the associative process which is part of his creative method, he writes:

I am trying to get as much meaning and significance out of each word as possible within the context of the poem. Therefore some of the words are ambiguous and even more, referring forward and/or backward in the poem, words like many faceted jewels that give a fluid and kinetic effect both to the meaning and to the poem itself. Perhaps I've been freighting my words too heavily but I've been trying to achieve the kind of poems that cause an endless mental rhythm of aesthetic experience, something like the chain of circles that grows when you drop a stone in a pool.

And of his parallel concern with the symbolic process, Mr. Murray has this to say:

"The Coffee Ensign" was a Naval Officer. "Coffee" because there was a strong odor of coffee on the trolley which I associated with the Ensign sitting beside me, perhaps a bit too arbitrarily. The overall intention of the poem was to show how we confuse the ideal as represented by the book of Indian Mythology I was reading, and the real, the Ensign. For a time, he became the dragon in the myth, and as if he sensed this, he "gets off." And "the dragon reassumes its form." Indra is the god of rain. In the legend he slit the belly of a dragon over the then dry world letting the life-giving juices pour down and thus making the earth fertile.

Taken not as statements to judge the poems against but as the poet's afterthoughts concerning his intentions, we observe that there is more than the impression of facility in the form to contend with. The reader must at least be wary of resting in the familiar comfort of the form without following the hidden signposts of the meaning. How well he can proceed through their stabilized diction toward a grasp of their shifting verbal allusions becomes in a different way each reader's test of the value of these poems.

—E. H.

POLAR

When in our black Pacific my love burns
A mass of candles lit by wicked fish,
Receives the thin and jagged wafer of ice,
And bleeds the winter wine, the snow I breathe,
Then are we purified, then are we cleansed
Holy and choate by this sacrament
Gleaming the long night in a crystal cave
Where we have cached our mystery from the world
Whose northern lights explore our iceland lore;
But as the season changes we are found
By large amphibious white bears who come
Climbing the pole star from their frozen cliffs
To break our seal upon a floe of dreams,
Wild dark impressions marking us for death.

THE NATURAL CAVE

How much we freeze, how much we star-lit flow,
They count, they measure by the clock of night,
The moon, the weather and longitude
Where we should climb full blown upon the hours;
And when we stalk the quarry in our cloak
Of tree, seamless, spun on looms of love
So fine our nakedness is clear to hope,
They shout their maledictions on the bond
And clothe their eyes in coarse and costly silk
To peer forever in our natural cave
Where unrestrained we celebrate ourselves,
The unitary beast, voracious lust,
Whose relics line the walls, blunt testaments,
On which we pricked our names and mounted death.

THE SCOTOGRAPH

The scotograph is septic. What is written in
The dark will have the darkness on it like a brand.
In fairy tales, the prince who has a withered hand
May wear a glove successfully and even win
The princess; but the unlit eyes
Will never hide the blank surprise
Of never having color. Spin
What fictive threads they will, their sunlit strand
Is negative. There is no substitute for light
Though every other sense be twice as sharp, and those
Who ply the useless instrument
Learning from braille what words are meant
To be, deceive themselves. The darkness filters through.
Weep for the veils on every mind that never can be rent;
The blind are not a few.

THE FUGITIVES

They searched our bodies, but their only clues
Were broken glintings, splinters of a few
Deserted mirrors on a heap of death
Where shadowless lovers haunted darkful rooms.

Once light, substantial, shook the house of glass
With bright refractions in a frieze of fire
That burned to madness by our careless flame
Lit in their ancient attic; trapped by smoke
We hugged the floor like roaches, 'til the walls
Came tumbling down, crossing our crisp brows
With scarlet letters flaring in revenge;

To bite the dusty hands that fed us doom,
We choked identity into the ground
And kissed our hearts into each other's mouth.

LAUGHING BOY

The laughing boy, when laughing, has a crimson throat
Of thick columnar joy upon which base his ball-
Like head is balanced carefully. It must not fall
Into the pools of merriment, for heads don't float;
They sink into the sand or sea
Trailing their hair hysterically
Above. But one small anecdote
To his starved brain within this house of dead may call
His body into spasms of erotic mirth,
Tilting the swollen base until the axis breaks.
The laughing boy alive is dead;
He can not live without his head.
If there were hands to clasp the crimson throat and hold
It steady with increasing strength until the stem were shred
That choking would be gold.

THE COFFEE ENSIGN

The coffee ensign with his hair cut long
Is aromatic on the trolley car.
He needs a shave, his coat and trousers are
Extremely mussed, his breath comes foul and strong;
Is slightly drunk, he laughs a bit too much
And leans too close; his wide and wild eyes swing
Upon my book; is he remembering?
His hands unclasp, he is about to touch—
And I am Indra over the dry worlds
Ripping his bloated belly wide to sluice
This arid earth with that life-giving juice;
His mind recoils; his body then, uncurls;
He leaves the seat, vacant but still warm;
Gets off; the dragon re-assumes its form.

Shirley Jackson

THE ISLAND

MRS. MONTAGUE'S son had been very good to her, with the kind affection and attention to her well-being that is seldom found towards mothers in sons with busy wives and growing families of their own; when Mrs. Montague lost her mind, her son came into his natural role of guardian. There had always been a great deal of warm feeling between Mrs. Montague and her son, and although they lived nearly a thousand miles apart by now, Henry Paul Montague was careful to see that his mother was well taken care of; he ascertained, minutely, that the monthly bills for her apartment, her food, her clothes, and her companion were large enough to ensure that Mrs. Montague was getting the best of everything; he wrote to her weekly, tender letters in longhand inquiring about her health; when he came to New York he visited her promptly, and always left an extra check for the companion, to make sure that any small things Mrs. Montague lacked would be given her. The companion, Miss Oakes, had been with Mrs. Montague for six years, and in that time their invariable quiet routine had been broken only by the regular visits from Mrs. Montague's son, and by Miss Oakes' annual six weeks leave, during which Mrs.

Montague was cared for no less scrupulously by a carefully chosen substitute.

Between such disturbing occasions, Mrs. Montague lived quietly and expensively in her handsome apartment, following with Miss Oakes a life of placid regularity, which it required all of Miss Oakes' competence to engineer, and duly reported on to Mrs. Montague's son. "I *do* think we're very lucky, dear," was Miss Oakes' frequent comment, "to have a good son like Mr. Montague to take care of us so well."

To which Mrs. Montague's usual answer was, "Henry Paul was a good boy."

Mrs. Montague usually spent the morning in bed and got up for lunch; after the effort of bathing and dressing and eating she was ready for another rest and then her walk, which occurred regularly at four o'clock, and which was followed by dinner sent up from the restaurant downstairs, and, shortly after, by Mrs. Montague's bed time. Miss Oakes did not leave the apartment except in an emergency; she had a great deal of time to herself and her regular duties were not harsh, although Mrs. Montague was not the best company in the world. Frequently Miss Oakes would look up from her magazine to find Mrs. Montague watching her curiously; sometimes Mrs. Montague, in a spirit of petulant stubbornness, would decline all food under any persuasion until it was necessary for Miss Oakes to call in Mrs. Montague's doctor for Mrs. Montague to hear a firm lecture on her duties as a patient. Once Mrs. Montague had tried to run away, and had been recaptured by Miss Oakes in the street in front of the apartment house, going vaguely through the traffic; and always, constantly, Mrs. Montague was trying to give things to Miss Oakes, many of which, in absolute frankness, it cost Miss Oakes a pang to refuse.

Miss Oakes had not been born to the luxury which Mrs. Montague had known all her life; Miss Oakes had worked hard and

never had a fur coat; no matter how much she tried, Miss Oakes could not disguise the fact that she relished the food sent up from the restaurant downstairs, delicately cooked and prettily served; Miss Oakes was persuaded that she disdained jewelry, and she chose her clothes hurriedly and inexpensively, under the eye of an impatient, badly dressed salesgirl in a department store. No matter how agonizingly Miss Oakes debated under the insinuating lights of the budget dress department, the clothes she carried home with her turned out to be garish reds and yellows in the daylight, inexactly striped or dotted, badly cut. Miss Oakes sometimes thought longingly of the security of her white uniforms, neatly stacked in her dresser drawer, but Mrs. Montague was apt to go into a tantrum at any outward show of Miss Oakes' professional competence, and Miss Oakes dined nightly on the agreeable food from the restaurant downstairs in her red and yellow dresses, with her colorless hair drawn ungracefully to a bun in back, her ringless hands moving appreciatively among the plates. Mrs. Montague, who ordinarily spilled food all over herself, chose her dresses from a selection sent every three or four months from an exclusive dress shop nearby; all information as to size and color was predigested in the shop, and the soft-voiced saleslady brought only dresses absolutely right for Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Montague usually chose two dresses each time, and they went, neatly hung on sacheted hangers, to live softly in Mrs. Montague's closet along with other dresses just like them, all in soft blues and greys and mauves.

"We *must* try to be more careful of our pretty clothes," Miss Oakes would say, looking up from her dinner to find Mrs. Montague, almost deliberately, it seemed sometimes, emptying her spoonful of oatmeal down the front of her dress. "Dear, we really *must* try to be more careful; remember what our nice son has to pay for those dresses."

Mrs. Montague stared vaguely sometimes, holding her spoon;

sometimes she said "I want my pudding now; I'll be careful with my pudding." Now and then, usually when the day had gone badly and Mrs. Montague was overtired, or cross for one reason or another, she might turn the dish of oatmeal over onto the tablecloth, and then, frequently, Miss Oakes was angry, and Mrs. Montague was deprived of her pudding and sat blankly while Miss Oakes moved her own dishes to a coffee table and called the waiter to remove the dinner table with its mess of oatmeal.

It was in the late spring that Mrs. Montague was usually at her worst; then, for some reason, it seemed that the stirring of green life, even under the dirty city traffic, communicated a restlessness and longing to her that she felt only spasmodically the rest of the year; around April or May, Miss Oakes began to prepare for trouble, for runnings-away and supreme oatmeal-overturnings. In summer, Mrs. Montague seemed happier, because it was possible to walk in the park and feed the squirrels; in the fall, she quieted, in preparation for the long winter when she was almost dormant, like an animal, rarely speaking, and suffering herself to be dressed and undressed without rebellion; it was the winter that Miss Oakes most appreciated, although as the months moved on into spring Miss Oakes began to think more often of giving up her position, her pleasant salary, the odorous meals from the restaurant downstairs.

It was in the spring that Mrs. Montague so often tried to give things to Miss Oakes; one afternoon when their walk was dubious because of the rain, Mrs. Montague had gone as of habit to the hall closet and taken out her coat, and now sat in her armchair with the rich dark mink heaped in her lap, smoothing the fur as though she held a cat. "Pretty," Mrs. Montague was saying, "pretty, pretty."

"We're very lucky to have such lovely things," Miss Oakes said. Because it was her practice to keep busy always, never to let her knowledgeable fingers rest so long as they might be

doing something useful, she was knitting a scarf. It was only half finished, but already Miss Oakes was beginning to despair of it; the yarn, in the store and in the roll, seemed a soft tender green, but knit up into the scarf it assumed a gaudy chartreuse character that made its original purpose—to embrace the firm fleshy neck of Henry Paul Montague—seem faintly improper; when Miss Oakes looked at the scarf impartially it irritated her, as did almost everything she created.

"Think of the money," Miss Oakes said, "that goes into all those beautiful things, just because your son is so generous and kind."

"I will give you this fur," Mrs. Montague said suddenly. "Because you have no beautiful things of your own."

"Thank you, dear," Miss Oakes said. She worked busily at her scarf for a minute and then said, "It's not being very grateful for nice things like that, dear, to want to give them away."

"It wouldn't look nice on you," Mrs. Montague said, "it would look awful. You're not very pretty."

Miss Oakes was silent again for a minute, and then she said, "Well, dear, shall we see if it's still raining?" With great deliberation she put down the knitting and walked over to the window. When she pulled back the lace curtain and the heavy dark-red drape she did so carefully, because the curtain and the drape were not precisely her own, but were of service to her, and pleasant to her touch, and expensive. "It's almost stopped," she said brightly. She squinted her eyes and looked up at the sky. "I *do* believe it's going to clear up," she went on, as though her brightness might create a sun of reflected brilliance. "In about fifteen minutes. . . ." She let her voice trail off, and smiled at Mrs. Montague with vast anticipation.

"I don't want to go for any walk," Mrs. Montague said sullenly. "Once when we were children we used to take off all our clothes and run out in the rain."

Miss Oakes returned to her chair and took up her knitting.

"We can start to get ready in a few minutes," she promised.

"I couldn't do that *now,* of course," Mrs. Montague said. "I want to color."

She slid out of her chair, dropping the mink coat into a heap on the floor, and went slowly, with her faltering walk, across the room to the card table where her coloring book and box of crayons lay. Miss Oakes sighed, set her knitting down, and walked over to pick up the mink coat; she draped it tenderly over the back of the chair, and went back and picked up her knitting again.

"Pretty, pretty," Mrs. Montague crooned over her coloring, "Pretty blue, pretty water, pretty, pretty."

Miss Oakes allowed a small smile to touch her face as she regarded the scarf; it was a bright color, perhaps too bright for a man no longer very young, but it was gay and not really *unusually* green. His birthday was three weeks off; the card in the box would say "To remind you of your loyal friend and admirer, Polly Oakes." Miss Oakes sighed quickly.

"I want to go for a *walk,*" Mrs. Montague said abruptly.

"Just a minute, dear," Miss Oakes said. She put the knitting down again and smiled at Mrs. Montague. "I'll help you," Miss Oakes said, and went over to assist Mrs. Montague in the slow task that getting out of a straight chair always entailed. "Why, look at you," Miss Oakes said, regarding the coloring book over Mrs. Montague's head. She laughed. "You've gone and made the whole thing blue, you silly child." She turned back a page. "And here," she said, and laughed again. "Why does the man have a blue face? And the little girl in the picture—she mustn't be blue, dear, her face should be pink and her hair should be—oh, yellow, for instance. Not *blue.*"

Mrs. Montague put her hands violently over the picture. "Mine," she said. "Get away, this is mine."

"I'm sorry," Miss Oakes said smoothly, "I wasn't laughing at you, dear. It was just funny to see a man with a blue face." She

helped Mrs. Montague out of the chair and escorted her across the room to the mink coat. Mrs. Montague stood stiffly while Miss Oakes put the coat over her shoulders and helped her arms into the sleeves, and when Miss Oakes came around in front of her to button the coat at the neck Mrs. Montague turned down the corners of her mouth and said sullenly into Miss Oakes' face, so close to hers, "You don't know what things *are,* really."

"Perhaps I don't," Miss Oakes said absently. She surveyed Mrs. Montague, neatly buttoned into the mink coat, and then took Mrs. Montague's rose-covered hat from the table in the hall and set it on Mrs. Montague's head, with great regard to the correct angle and the neatness of the roses. "Now we look so pretty," Miss Oakes said. Mrs. Montague stood silently while Miss Oakes went to the hall closet and took out her own serviceable blue coat. She shrugged herself into it, settled it with a brisk tug at the collar, and pulled on her hat with a quick gesture from back to front that landed the hatbrim at exactly the usual angle over her eye. It was not until she was escorting Mrs. Montague to the door that Miss Oakes gave one brief, furtive glance at the hall mirror, as one who does so from a nervous compulsion rather than any real desire for information.

Miss Oakes enjoyed walking down the hall; its carpets were so thick that even the stout shoes of Miss Oakes made no sound. The elevator was self-service, and Miss Oakes, with superhuman control, allowed it to sweep soundlessly down to the main floor, carrying with it Miss Oakes herself, and Mrs. Montague, who sat docilely on the velvet-covered bench and stared at the panelling as though she had never seen it before. When the elevator door opened and they moved out into the lobby Miss Oakes knew that the few people who saw them—the girl at the switchboard, the doorman, another tenant coming to the elevator—recognized Mrs. Montague as the rich old lady who lived high upstairs, and Miss Oakes as the infinitely competent companion, without whose unswerving assistance Mrs. Montague could not

live for ten minutes. Miss Oakes walked sturdily and well through the lobby, her firm hand guiding soft little Mrs. Montague; the lobby floor was pale carpeting on which their feet made no sound, and the lobby walls were painted an expensive color so neutral as to be almost invisible; as Miss Oakes went with Mrs. Montague through the lobby it was as though they walked upon clouds, through the noncommittal areas of infinite space. The doorway was their aim, and the doorman, dressed in grey, opened the way for them with a flourish and a "Good afternoon" which began by being directed at Mrs. Montague, as the employer, and ended by addressing Miss Oakes, as the person who would be expected to answer.

"Good afternoon, George," Miss Oakes said, with a stately smile, and passed on through the doorway leading Mrs. Montague. Once outside on the sidewalk, Miss Oakes steered Mrs. Montague quickly to the left, since, allowed her head, Mrs. Montague might as easily have turned unexpectedly to the right, although they always turned to the left, and so upset Miss Oakes' walk for the day. With slow steps they moved into the current of people walking up the street, Miss Oakes watching ahead to avoid Mrs. Montague's walking into strangers, Mrs. Montague with her face turned up to the grey sky.

"It's a *lovely* day," Miss Oakes said. "Pleasantly cool after the rain."

They had gone perhaps half a block when Mrs. Montague, by a gentle pressure against Miss Oakes' arm, began to direct them towards the inside of the sidewalk and the shop windows; Miss Oakes, resisting at first, at last allowed herself to be reluctantly influenced and they crossed the sidewalk to stand in front of the window to a stationery store.

They stopped here every day, and, as she said every day, Mrs. Montague murmured softly, "*Look* at all the lovely things." She watched with amusement a plastic bird, colored bright red and yellow, which methodically dipped its beak into a glass of

water and withdrew it. While they stood watching, the bird lowered its head and touched the water, hesitated, and then rose.

"Does it stop when we're not here?" Mrs. Montague asked, and Miss Oakes laughed, and said "It never stops. It goes on while we're eating and while we're sleeping and all the time."

Mrs. Montague's attention had wandered to the open pages of a diary, spread nakedly to the pages dated June 14—June 15. Mrs. Montague, looking at the smooth unwritten paper, caught her breath. "I'd like to have *that*," she said, and Miss Oakes, as she answered every day, said "What would you write in it, dear?"

The thing that always caught Mrs. Montague next was a softly-curved blue bowl which stood in the center of the window display; Mrs. Montague pored lovingly and speechlessly over this daily, trying to touch it through the glass of the window.

"Come *on*, dear," Miss Oakes said finally, with an almost-impatient tug at Mrs. Montague's arm. "We'll never get our walk finished if you don't come *on*."

Docilely Mrs. Montague followed. "Pretty," she whispered, "Pretty, pretty."

She opened her eyes suddenly and was aware that she saw. The sky was unbelievably, steadily blue, and the sand beneath her feet was hot; she could see the water, colored more deeply than the sky, but faintly greener. Far off was the line where the sky and water met, and it was infinitely pure.

"Pretty," she said inadequately, and was aware that she spoke. She was walking on the sand, and with a sudden impatient gesture she stopped and slipped off her shoes, standing first on one foot and then on the other. This encouraged her to look down

at herself; she was very tall, high above her shoes on the sand, and when she moved it was freely and easily except for the cumbering clothes, the heavy coat and the hat, which sat on her head with a tangible, oppressive weight. She threw the hat onto the hot lovely sand, and it looked so offensive, lying with its patently unreal roses against the smooth clarity of the sand, that she bent quickly and covered the hat with handfuls of sand; the coat was more difficult to cover, and the sand ran delicately between the hairs of the short dark fur; before she had half covered the coat she decided to put the rest of her clothes with it, and did so, slipping easily out of the straps and buttons and catches of many garments, which she remembered as difficult to put on. When all her clothes were buried she looked with satisfaction down at her strong white legs, and thought, aware that she was thinking it: they are almost the same color as the sand. She began to run freely, with the blue ocean and the bluer sky on her right, the trees on her left, and the moving sand underfoot; she ran until she came back to the place where a corner of her coat still showed through the sand. When she saw it she stopped again and said "Pretty, pretty," and leaned over and took a handful of sand and let it run through her fingers.

Far away, somewhere in the grove of trees that centered the island she could hear the parrot calling. "Eat, eat" it shrieked, and then something indistinguishable, and then "Eat, eat."

An idea came indirectly and subtly to her mind; it was the idea of food, for a minute unpleasant and as though it meant a disagreeable sensation, and then glowingly happy. She turned and ran—it was impossible to move slowly on the island, with the clear hot air all around her, and the ocean stirring constantly, pushing at the island, and the unbelievable blue sky above—and when she came into the sudden warm shade of the trees she ran from one to another, putting her hand for a minute on each.

"Hello," the parrot gabbled, "Hello, who's there, eat?" She could see it flashing among the trees, no more than a saw-toothed voice and a flash of ugly red and yellow.

The grass was green and rich and soft, and she sat down by the little brook where the food was set out. Today there was a great polished wooden bowl, soft to the touch, full of purple grapes; the sun that came unevenly between the trees struck a high shine from the bowl, and lay flatly against the grapes, which were dusty with warmth, and almost black. There was a shimmering glass just full of dark red wine; there was a flat blue plate filled with little cakes; she touched one and it was full of cream, and heavily iced with soft chocolate. There were pomegranates, and cheese, and small, sharp-flavored candies. She lay down beside the food, and closed her eyes against the heavy scent from the grapes.

"Eat, eat," the parrot screamed from somewhere over her head. She opened her eyes lazily and looked up, to see the flash of red and yellow in the trees. "Be still, you noisy beast," she said, and smiled to herself because it was not important, actually, whether the parrot were quiet or not. Later, after she had slept, she ate some of the grapes and the cheese, and several of the rich little cakes. While she ate the parrot came cautiously closer, begging for food, sidling up near to the dish of cakes and then moving quickly away.

"Beast," she said pleasantly to the parrot, "greedy beast."

When she was sure she was quite through with the food, she put one of the cakes on a green leaf and set it a little bit away from her for the parrot. It came up to the cake slowly and fearfully, watching on either side for some sudden prohibitive movement; when it finally reached the cake it hesitated, and then dipped its head down to bury its beak in the soft frosting; it lifted its head, paused to look around, and then lowered its beak to the cake again. The gesture was familiar, and she laughed, not knowing why.

She was faintly aware that she had slept again, and awakened

wanting to run, to go out into the hot sand on the beach and run shouting around the island. The parrot was gone, its cake a mess of crumbs and frosting on the ground. She ran out onto the beach, and the water was there, and the sky. For a few minutes she ran, going down to the water and then swiftly back before it could touch her bare feet, and then she dropped luxuriously onto the sand and lay there. After a while she began to draw a picture in the sand; it was a round face with dots for eyes and nose and a line for a mouth. "Henry Paul," she said, touching the face caressingly with her fingers, and then, laughing, she leaped to her feet and began to run again, around the island. When she passed the face drawn on the sand she put one bare foot on it and ground it away. "Eat, eat," she could hear the parrot calling from the trees; the parrot was afraid of the hot sand and the water and stayed always in the trees near the food. Far off, across the water, she could see the sweet, the always comforting, line of the horizon.

When she was tired with running she lay down again on the sand. For a little while she played idly, writing words on the sand and then rubbing them out with her hand; once she drew a crude picture of a doorway and punched her fist through it.

Finally she lay down and put her face down to the sand. It was hot, hotter than anything else had ever been, and the soft grits of the sand slipped into her mouth, where she could taste them, deliciously hard and grainy against her teeth; they were in her eyes, rich and warm; the sand was covering her face and the blue sky was gone from above her and the sand was cooler, then greyer, covering her face, and cold.

"*Nearly* home," Miss Oakes said brightly, as they turned the last corner of their block. "It's been a *nice* walk, hasn't it?"

She tried, unsuccessfully, to guide Mrs. Montague quickly

past the bakery, but Mrs. Montague's feet, moving against Miss Oakes' pressure from habit, brought them up to stand in front of the bakery window.

"I don't know *why* they leave those fly-specked eclairs out here." Miss Oakes said irritably. "There's nothing *less* appetizing. *Look* at that cake; the cream is positively *curdled*."

She moved her arm insinuatingly within Mrs. Montague's; "In a few minutes we'll be home," she said softly, "and then we can have our nice cocktail, and rest for a few minutes, and then dinner."

"Pretty," Mrs. Montague said at the cakes. "I want some."

Miss Oakes shuddered violently. "Don't even *say* it," she implored. "Just *look* at that stuff. You'd be sick for a week."

She moved Mrs. Montague along, and they came, moving quicker than they had when they started, back to their own doorway where the doorman in grey waited for them. He opened the door and said, beginning with Mrs. Montague and finishing with Miss Oakes, "Have a nice walk?"

"Very pleasant, thank you," Miss Oakes said agreeably. They passed through the doorway and into the lobby where the open doors of the elevator waited for them. "Dinner soon," Miss Oakes said as they went across the lobby.

Miss Oakes was careful, on their own floor, to see that Mrs. Montague found the right doorway; while Miss Oakes put the key in the door Mrs. Montague stood waiting without expression.

Mrs. Montague moved forward automatically when the door was opened, and Miss Oakes caught her arm, saying shrilly "Don't *step* on it!" Mrs. Montague stopped, and waited, while Miss Oakes picked up the dinner menu from the floor just inside the door; it had been slipped under the door while they were out.

Once inside, Miss Oakes removed Mrs. Montague's rosy hat and the mink coat, and Mrs. Montague took the mink coat in

her arms and sat down in her chair with it, smoothing the fur. Miss Oakes slid out of her own coat and hung it neatly in the closet, and then came into the living room, carrying the dinner menu.

"Chicken liver omelette," Miss Oakes read as she walked. "The last time it was a trifle underdone; I could *mention* it, of course, but they never seem to pay much attention. Roast turkey. Filet mignon. I *really* do think a nice little piece of . . ." she looked up at Mrs. Montague and smiled. "Hungry?" she suggested.

"No," Mrs. Montague said. "I've had enough."

"Nice oatmeal?" Miss Oakes said. "If you're *very* good you can have ice cream tonight."

"Don't want ice cream," Mrs. Montague said.

Miss Oakes sighed, and then said, "Well . . ." placatingly. She returned to the menu. "French fried potatoes," she said. "They're *very* heavy on the stomach, but I do have my heart set on a nice little piece of steak and some French fried potatoes. It sounds just *right,* tonight."

"Shall I give you this coat?" Mrs. Montague asked suddenly.

Miss Oakes stopped on her way to the phone and patted Mrs. Montague lightly on the shoulder. "You're very generous, dear," she said, "but of course you don't really want to give me your beautiful coat. What would your dear son say?"

Mrs. Montague ran her hand over the fur of the coat affectionately. Then she stood up, slowly, and the coat slid to the floor. "I'm going to color," she announced.

Miss Oakes turned back from the phone to pick up the coat and put it over the back of the chair. "All right," she said. She went to the phone, sat so she could keep an eye on Mrs. Montague while she talked, and said into the phone "Room service."

Mrs. Montague moved across the room and sat down at the card table. Reflectively she turned the pages of the coloring book, found a picture that pleased her, and opened the crayon

box. Miss Oakes hummed softly into the phone. "Room service?" she said finally. "I want to order dinner sent up to Mrs. Montague's suite, please." She looked over the phone at Mrs. Montague and said, "You all right, dear?"

Without turning, Mrs. Montague moved her shoulders impatiently, and selected a crayon from the box. She examined the point of it with great care while Miss Oakes said, "I want one very sweet martini, please. And Mrs. Montague's prune juice." She picked up the menu and wet her lips, then said, "One crab-meat cocktail. And tonight will you see that Mrs. Montague has milk with her oatmeal; you sent cream last night. Yes, milk, please. You'd think they'd know by *now*," she added to Mrs. Montague over the top of the phone. "Now let me see," she said into the phone again, her eyes on the menu.

Disregarding Miss Oakes, Mrs. Montague had begun to color. Her shoulders bent low over the book, a vague smile on her old face, she was devoting herself to a picture of a farmyard; a hen and three chickens strutted across the foreground of the picture, a barn surrounded by trees was the background. Mrs. Montague had laboriously colored the hen and the three chickens, the barn and the trees, a rich blue, and now, with alternate touches of the crayons, was engaged in putting a red and yellow blot far up in the blue trees.

The Woodblock Art of Gustave Baumann

By Vincent Garoffolo

NONE OF THE graphic arts seems to combine the sense of an ancient craft with the urgency of a contemporary medium more insistently than the art of the colored woodblock. Out of the great technical knowledge and control which this medium requires come interpretations and insights bearing unfamiliar sensuous force. It is a medium of the craftsman-artist.

The colored woodblock speaks in an idiom of choral color, like the voices in a poetic drama. The voice-colors are not pitted against each other, clamoring for attention. They partake of each other, and thereby prolong our interest and propose identifications of our own. In this medium the profoundest technical con-

trol is unmistakable. When so much of our plastic expressions seems to be empty of this sense of craft and devotion to the organic life of the medium, it is useful to recall that craftsmanship is not only a virtuoso use of material. It is the most vivid understanding of the forces within a medium, and the most intimate collaboration between the artist's vision and the imperatives of the medium.

The colored woodblocks of Gustave Baumann are expressions of an intimate universe, intimate but not withdrawn. It frankly invites, it does not inveigle. In Baumann's work the intention, never the fluke nor the expectancy of accident dominates the work. This does not mean that Baumann acquires force of design and expressiveness by robot-like, step-by-step certainties. He knows and speaks very candidly of how much "working blind" there is in his prints. He neither denies nor conceals the unexpected, unpremeditated effects of line or texture in the print-making process. But he insists that his art neither depends on nor beseeches the accidental. His woodblocks exert this conviction with clarity, confidence, and humility.

One of Baumann's oldest and most persistent recollections reflects his urgent sense of craft and the importance of the tool. As a very young boy he once found himself with a quill pen and a bottle of Higgins ink. Some imperative instinct made it necessary for him to walk very far into town to acquire a finer pen, a more essential tool. To have the right tools, to be able to know and use these tools, was prior to everything else. Today, recalling this episode, Baumann, still infatuated with the importance of the right tool and the importance of a reverence for the physical medium, is able to declare, unselfconsciously, that "then the tiny pen carried the essence of art."

Yet this artist is not merely a toolman, not merely a devoted craftsman. From the very beginning he has known the desire to search out and set down not what is always directly seen but what is indirectly demanded by his imagination. When Baumann had his pen and his ink he also had something else. This something

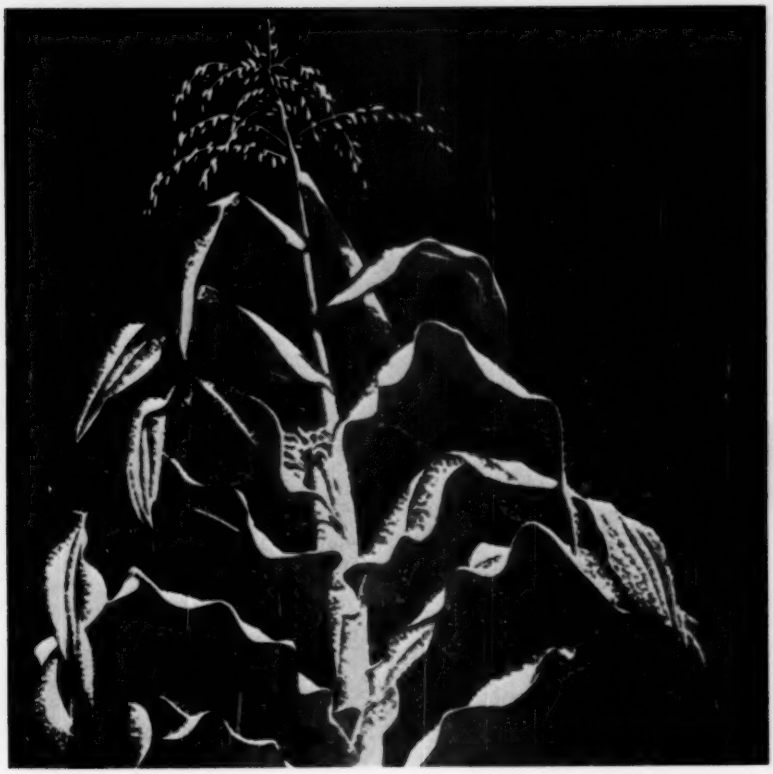
else was a need to make a drawing of the Bay of Naples. The essential tool was not enough. It had to be accompanied by an impulse to draw a particular place, particular but unvisited and unknown. In an elusive but significant sense he has been sketching and exploring a particular but necessary Bay of Naples ever since. As long as he is haunted by the Mediterranean sky and water (which he has yet to see) his work will continue to overflow into the art which arouses and suggests new perceptions of our own.

In a deceptive sense the woodblock art of Baumann is an art of place, with its affectionate, sometimes vibrant, recording of a particular curve in river's movement, a particular moment in a perspective of a mountain or desert road, a particular portion of a garden's growth. Under the pressure to make either obvious or pseudo-serious judgments, it would be easy, and misleading, to consider the twenty-five years of Baumann's woodblock art as a documentation of his life and trips in the middle west, the southwest, and along the California coast. Baumann is a trip maker; his sketch book records versions of his perceiving and conceiving eye; and a good many of his prints are records of intimate, deeply felt encounters with the color and structure of the unfashionably familiar world of things directly seen. But this is insufficient, inadequate to the gifts of this unaffected artist.

If Baumann's color woodblocks were mere records of places and objects seen, mere transcriptions of moments in a journey, they would quickly and deservedly shrivel. No artist is content to transcribe. It is what the artist inscribes and invests that counts and that impels our interest. Baumann does not merely see, he envisages, and he unashamedly urges us to participate in his delighted disclosures of the explosive fertility of a desert spring, the force of design in a tree, the density in the simplest growth. He can also perform what is often the most considerable evidence of artistry: the premonition and the awareness of mystery in the commonplace. Look at, enter into his "Hopi Corn," where the yellow and black seem to be devouring the ascending and exfoliating design of the stalks.

For the inattentive, the delectable decorative surfaces of Baumann's prints may seem lacking in dimension, wholly dependent on the gentle movement of color. This is to miss what is perhaps Baumann's subtlest and most absorbing power. Out of the discipline and delight in his knife and graver has come a sculptural quality that inhabits many of his most successful prints. Out of the colors and harmonies of the separate blocks comes a compelling carved dimension. The shape and structure of a tree, as in "April" and "Redwood" for example, are conceived not merely in terms of their flat decorative value, but in all their curving, intricate roundedness. This sculptural quality is also evident in the recent color woodblock, "San Miguel de Santa Fe" in which the full solidity of the adobe is registered in terms of protrusion, as though the past became an immediate thrusting pressure. In another print, notable for other reasons, "Cochiti Ensemble," the modelling of the miniature figures against an immensity of space is most striking. In this print Baumann seems to share the world of the so-called primitive woodcarver, in which the rendition of the pigmy-like figures acquires its peculiar power from an intimate care in the modelling, accompanied by a sense of essential, minimum movement. Apart from his lavish, undulating color it is this sculptured undercurrent which makes many of his prints so unfatiguing and so memorable.

This sculptural quality in Baumann's prints acquires greater relevance as one sees his other, less widely known work. Out of the substance and forms of gourds, for example, this artist has carved and created extraordinarily fanciful and decorative shapes. These gourd-carvings, inventive and instantaneously arresting, reveal another aspect of Baumann's plastic control, and are clues to the modelling character in his prints. No one who has seen Baumann's marionettes can fail to sense the remarkable wit and imaginative clarity that has been brought into these vital creatures. (Some day someone must tell the story of the Baumann family Christmas marionette shows in Santa Fe, and tell us, too, why so



HOPI CORN. Color woodcut 8″ x 8″. 1944. *Edition 125.*

COCHITI ENSEMBLE. Oil wood panel 32″ x 38″. 1942. *Courtesy Museum of New Mexico.*

SAN FELIPE. Oil wood panel 28″ x 6′3″. 1947. *Courtesy Museum of New Mexico. Photograph by Harold Kellogg.*

THE PHILANDERER. Gourd montage; height 15". 1935. *Courtesy Mrs. Wm. G. Hibbard, Winnetka, Illinois.*

many children and so many adults with a child's delight in the world of imagination have been deprived of enjoying this art.) Baumann's marionettes are not independent of his woodblock artistry. They are not separate from his renderings of place and moment. Their fancy, their miniature humanity pervade his prints, like elves, visible only to the eye which rejoices in the infinity of simple objects.

Too little is known of Baumann's book, *Frijoles Canyon Pictographs,* either as an example of the bookmaking art, or as additional evidence of the range of his own artistry and of his sensitivity to other pictorial expression. He has taken these 500-year-old cave drawings of the Pajarito Plateau peoples, and with his woodblock art, in remote greens, textured tans, and white sorcerous lines, recreated on the page of a book the human and animal forms he found on the walls of caves north of Santa Fe.

These woodblocks of pictograph designs are translated not out of any respectable competency in reproducing exact figures and movement. They are translations out of a spirit that understands intuitively the designed force which these drawings continue to carry into our own visual experiences. It is astonishing how the colored woodblock both retains and reasserts the curious power of these archaic, but living forms.

This book suggests that a considerable gift of Baumann's has been lost to the art of book illustration, where the artist brings a genuine independence of craft and a participating mood to a book and to other material. It suggests, too, that the colored woodblock can be an exciting collaborative art, extending and deepening our awareness of certain narrative works, poetry, and forms in preindustrial cultures. In this connection, Baumann's projected book of woodcuts on New Mexico santos and one of Southwestern Indian pottery designs will confirm this aspect of his technical and imaginative endowments.

It is more and more questionable whether the biography of an artist is to be found and truly known anywhere except in his

work. As pedantic researches go on in the certifiable moments of the artist's life (where he studied, where he lived, what he said to the newspaper reporter, what he wore) the difficult insights and distinctions in according worth to the work itself disappear.

The choices and decisions of the artist are to be found in his work, not in his wardrobe, but his opinions will occasionally act as guideposts. When Baumann speaks of Paul Klee, for example, much is revealed of his technical and aesthetic interests. Here is admiration, clear and simple, without the gush of the anxious imitator. Here is understanding and pleasure with the work of an artist based on an appreciation of what every artist seeks: variety and an unmonotonous curiosity of spirit. Baumann has also recounted a journey into Arizona where he visited Max Ernst. Here, too, is an expression of fraternal understanding and respect for an artist whose work, like Klee's, is so far removed from his own. If the world of Baumann is differently ordered and differently discerned, it is so not out of hostility or unawareness. It is because, in Baumann, it is shareable immediacy that is desired and projected.

In our time the unpromoted and unpromotable artist, quietly working at modest and occasionally extremely evocative renditions of an intimate, shareable physical world becomes a suspicious, if not wholly neglected figure. The work and commitments of such artists deserve our attention and our pride, if only to fortify ourselves with their insights into the mutuality of our experience, and not into the unraveling of some exclusive internal universe. Work which is done without pretense, with every excellence of craftsmanship and devotion to an expression of a direct encounter with the natural world, is work to be honored, if not hailed. We ignore such work at a crippling expense to that part of our nature which unfolds whenever the familiar has been lucidly and absorbingly felt. To this tradition and to this commitment the colored woodblocks of Gustave Baumann unmistakably belong.

Hartley Burr Alexander

GIVER OF LIFE

THE IMPORTANCE of color in the Indian's depiction of the world, second only to number and to geometric form, brings us directly to the role which vision—inner and outer—plays in the orientation of his life. To begin with, his world-frame is a form circumscribed about his own body, and deriving its generative points from projections indicated by his own skeletal structure, with the east as "the before" and the west as "the behind," a mode ancient for all mankind. But why is the east chosen as the first of the cardinals, once the Middle Place, the center of this world, is established? The answer is very simple, and indeed is contained in the rival names "orient" and "east"; for *orient* is from the verb *oriri*, to arise, and *east* is a cognate of *Eos*, the dawn. It is the rising point of the sun, the light of the dawning day, that establishes the fiducial primacy of the east among the cardinals, and also introduces the dimensions of time into the static planning of the world's spaces.

Man in his abode, his mid-earth station, arises from that night which is his symbol of chaos and negation to greet the first rays of the morning sun. This is the hour of his day's creation, and the hour also of *cosmos*, of order, in his life. He looks to the east, and names it the before or the arising; and having established

this, the first radius of his universe, from his station and his own upstanding posture, he gives to his awakening world its orientation, its eastering, and perceives it as a field of action. Many a traveler among the prairie tribes has been impressed by the frequent custom of greeting the rising sun erect and full-face, that the sun's first ray may give strength and valor for the day. Temporary ceremonial lodges and permanent shrines and temples have alike this characteristic, that they open to the eastern horizon, either to the seasonal point of the equinoctial rising or to the solstitial station of the sunrise. The Old World, of course, knows this same far-ancient adoration, for it springs from our essential habit as creatures of the day. *Fiat lux* is, in a more universal sense than the writer of Genesis could have guessed, the law of our world's creation.

There are many rites and myths in Indian lore elucidating this fundamental metaphor, which lies at the root of so much of man's philosophy and reflects perhaps most of the greatness of his understanding; but among these none more vividly combines the symbolisms of form and color than does the Navaho parallel to the Greek myth of Phaethon—the tale of the creation of the sun. The tale continues from an account of the ascent of the First People from the underworlds of Navaho cosmology. "The first three worlds," so runs the narrative,[1] "were neither good nor healthful. They moved all the time and made the people dizzy. Upon ascending into this world the Navaho found only darkness, and they said, 'We must have light.' " Thereafter two cosmic women were summoned to their aid, symbols of East and West. The Indians told to these women their desire for light. On white shell beads and turquoise beads one of the women marked faces; and from

1 The legend of the creation of the sun is taken from the account given by James Stevenson, "Ceremonial of Hasjelti Dailjis and Mythical Sand-Painting of the Navajo Indians," *Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, for the year 1886-87, Washington, 1891, pp. 275-285. This version differs considerably from those recorded by Washington Matthews in *Navaho Legends (Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, v), Boston and New York, 1897.

these beads she finally produced a light, slight at first, but becoming brighter. The light still was not enough, so she drew a circle around the beads with a crystal dipped in pollen, after which she held the crystal over the turquoise bead face. Soon it blazed, and the heat became so intense that the people were forced to retreat, but the heat was still unbearable. Then two rainbows were seen, one passing from north to south, the other from east to west. First Man and First Woman came to help. First Man, with the rainbows, sunbeams, and the crystal, lifted the sun until he could lift it no higher. Two poles of turquoise and two of white shell were made and placed beneath the sun. With these, twelve men from each of the four cardinal points raised it further. But the people still burned. So the men blew and blew and stretched the world until the sun was high enough. Then these men were sent to the east, south, west, and north to support the heavens, which task they still supposedly perform.

The Navaho myth of the creation of the sun of our world leaves us with the perfected creation of zenith day; God saw the work of his hand, and it was good. But the Wheel of Day, which is also the Wheel of Time, does not cease its revolutions with morning and noon. Morning, as we have said, is the moment of invigoration, when new life awakens and all creation is astir—is indeed creation itself, an "in the beginning"; for just as a man's awakening, after that lapse into the nothingness of chaos which is sleep, is daily a birth, so the dawning ray of the sun is daily the emergence of a world out of chaos—"a thing very mysterious," said Tahirussawichi,[2] "although it happens every day." So it is that the red man greets the dawn with raised palms, with a prayer, with a pipe, eager to receive into himself that power and life of which its first ray is the bearer. So it is also, in the great myths, that each renewed age of the world, each great historic "Sun" of

2 Alice C. Fletcher, "The Hako: a Pawnee Ceremony," *Twenty-second Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, for the year 1901, Washington, 1904, Part II, p. 125.

time, as the ancients of Mexico spoke, began with its own creative dawn, when a greater and more glorious solar disk, awaited with vigil and prayer, first broke above its horizon.

But beyond the white light of dawn expands the blue day of our actional life, nooned with achievement and upward zoned to the circle of Father Heaven himself; and still beyond this is the fated descent, as the sun sinks from maturity to age, into the fires and reflections of evening. Night, too, sunless for us, beyond the margins of the west marks the hours of the sun's more pallid journeyings through the caverns of the dead, our spiritual antipodes. Such conceptions belong to old Egypt and Babylon and Greece, to Scandinavia and the Mongol world, and not less to the peoples of America.

In Indian imagery this Wheel of Day is no less vivid with color than is the disk of earth. The wheel and dart game, like the ball game *tlachtli*[3] of the Mexican nations, is built upon solar symbolism, and it is to the point to note that it is in many cases a quadrated wheel which is used, each of the four sections being webbed with its own cosmic color. The four points of daily time which men first note are morning, noon, evening, and night, and it is perhaps inevitable that the number imagery which is born of our skeletal form, creating space, should receive its flesh of color from that visual flow of light and shade, of tint, intensity, hue, which the great hours of the day changingly yield. Light gives us form and color, we say; light gives us also that union of rigid and defined space with fluid and transforming time which is the reality of a primitive no less than of an Einsteinian *physis*: physi-

[3] *Tlachtli*, or *tlaxtli*, is the Nahuatlan name for a game played with a rubber ball which was struck with the thigh, head or shoulder of the contestants, the object being to hurl the ball through rings affixed well up on the sides of a court, such as the famous Ball Court of Chichen Itza. The game was a sport and much favored, but that it was also a ceremony with cosmic significance is abundantly testified by tradition, by its place in myth (as in the *Popul Vuh*), and by its symbolism in the codices. Cf. T. A. Joyce, *Mexican Archaeology*, London, 1914, pp. 301 f.; E. Seler, "Einiges ueber die naturlichen Grundlagen mexikanischer Mythen," *Zeitschrift f. Ethnologie*, XXXIX, 1907, pp. 1-41.

cal Nature is first conceived by bones and eyes, functioning in man's frame.

Not less does the Wheel function in man's life. For the conception of the revolving day is again the simple and inevitable emblem and portrait of both the *daily life* and the natural *lifetime*. For the Egyptians, Harmachis, boy and physician, was the sunrise; Horus was the victor youth of the ascending sun: Re was the lord of noonday, king and ruler; and Tum was the old man of the western horizon. More bloodily the Aztec conceived Tonatiuh, the sun disc, as the avatar first of the heart of his sacrificed

herald, the Morning Star, red with new-throbbing life; thence, as he mounted to the zenith, he was a war-captain bearing in his train the host of those who had perished in the vigor of battle, glorious as *Sol Invictus*. But he was dragged from his high throne, down toward the dark horizon of the west, by the anguished and vengeful claws of the Dark Mothers, the women who had died in child-birth, in life-giving. Here is the harsh concept of a daily birth and a daily death of the Lord of Day. But not all Indian thought is of this grim cast. With the nations of the prairies, and with all who are simply natural, the sun of morning is the life-giver; the sun of full day and of noon is the lord of high deed and full vision; and the sun of the vanishing day is the father of reflection and of mind's meditation. "Farewell, our Father, the Shining One—farewell whither thou goest! Thy thought this day thou hast given us." This is the essence of a Huichol songprayer of evening.

So also of life itself, which is but a greater day in which years count the hours. From the dawn comes generation and birth. Love, Valor, and the Wisdom of Medicine—life's three great treasures, as Indian myth sees them—are all gifts of the day, and of sunward-directed prayer. But the sunset is the blazed and streamered trail into the West, which souls must follow, where the Master of Day, gathering about him his clouds and his visions, vanishes into the dark. In American Indian myth generally the Morning and the Evening are Heroic Twins: one is lord of this life and of the illuminated earth; the brother, caught by underworld demons, or thither banished by fate, is ruler and companion of the dead. The duality takes many forms: those of Sapling and Flint, earth's vegetation and earth's rock; those of Manabozho and Chibiabos, the hunter-sun and his hapless brother; those of the two diminutive giant-slayers, the Twin Gods of War of the Pueblo peoples; those of the morning and evening incarnations of Tezcatlipoca and of Quetzalcoatl among the Aztecs;

but the ultimate image which underlies all is fundamentally that of the image of the daily sun in its simple correspondence with waking and sleeping, with life and death. No more profound and at the same time ironical myth of this meaning is to be found than is the tale—already impressive to the minds of the first Jesuit missionaries in Quebec—of the four seekers who journeyed to the sunrise lodge of Manabozho, the White Hare of Morning, there to implore divine gifts. The first prayed for hunter's skill, and this was granted; the second for success in love, and this was granted; the third, for skill in medicine and healing and in the preservation of life, and this was granted. But when the fourth asked of the Life-Giver freedom from death, life eternal, the favor came in the only form which the gods could grant: he was transformed into unchanging stone. In the end the Sun's course is the Course of Destiny.[4]

The Disc of Space and the Wheel of Time, the encircling quarters and the revolving years, are Nature's twain circumscriptions of man's station and range. All peoples have reduced them to ritual and emblem, of which our astrophysical science is only the last-come form. American Indian ritual everywhere follows this common prescriptive plan of our humanity; at the same time it gathers into itself those experiences which were distinctive of America and which make of the Indian's ritual life a New World poetry and a New World wisdom.

4 The tale of the quest of eternal life has many versions. It is referred to in the *Jesuit Relations*, and fuller versions are to be found in S. T. Rand, *Legends of the Micmacs*, New York, 1894, nos. x, xxxv, xlii; W. J. Hoffman, "The Menomini Indians," *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, pp. 118, 206. For an interpretation, H. B. Alexander, "Living Solid Face," *Manito Masks*, New York, 1926.

Alvaro de Silva

HUNGRY MORNING

ONE MORNING early I sat on the cold grass in the patio a long while and waited to be given breakfast. Near the open drain Rosa was scrubbing linen with a yellow brush. The sun hung high over the arbor and shone on the vine leaves and the white grapes. The fat cook sat on her heels, smoked, hummed and scrubbed. When the cornleaf cigarette burnt down and began to kink and spark in her mouth she spat out the butt.

"Pull, pull, oxcart driver,
Pull, pull . . . never stop . . .
Pull for the orchard of old man Ampuero,
Pull for the hot bread-man . . .
Ay si ay-ay-ay . . !"

Rosa sang the words of this cueca-song and washed. The sun hit the great washtub. Rosa put the straw hat on her head, lit another cigarette, hummed the tune through her nose and let the smoke swirl about her. She lifted the dripping scrub brush and winked at me. The ground was cold and damp and I felt hungry.

Alelí's bedroom door was shut. When she was up she always saw that I had something hot to drink the first thing because she was my nurse. This morning I had got out of bed too early, afraid of missing the servants' breakfast. We would have *ulpo* porridge, warmed over beans, and maté in the painted gourd.

The maté tasted sweet and bitter, and burnt your tongue a little as you sipped it through the *bombilla.*

No sound came from the house. The painters with their big flat brushes had splashed pink paint on the climbers on the wall. My brothers and sisters and my Mama were all asleep. My Mama would stay in her bed until the cannon sounded at noon. A maid had said, "To make Señora Esperanza rise you need a pair of oxen." Another girl had said, "Only an earthquake can wake her in the morning."

Pancho was away. He had driven the carriage for my Papa. They had gone to the farm. If Pancho was here he would find two stale rolls and some little onions, which we liked to eat with salt.

The servants—except for Rosa, who took no sides—were all for my Papa and against my Mama. It was my Mama, though, who most approved of my staying in the patio behind the house. The free air made a boy strong like Andino the cook's boy. My sister Elena was weak and had to be given goat's milk. The other children except for Pichita and the baby had to remain indoors almost all the time because they took lessons from Lauriata. When they were set free they came out and played among themselves.

Grownups seldom came down to the back patio. One day Godmother Tobías had suddenly appeared in the patio when Andino and I were on our knees eating with our hands from a split watermelon. Though I had wiped my face and swallowed a mouthful of seeds, she had not spoken to us but limped back into the house disgusted. Godmother Tobías was always catching me doing things she didn't believe I ought to do. She had it against Andino. She didn't believe I ought to be with him.

One hot day Godmother Tobías had come out while Andino was doing something he was not supposed to do at all. He was up in the tank of drinking water bathing.

Andino was a wild boy. On Friday mornings when Pancho

went to the beach to buy fish, Andino would go with him. While Pancho did the bargaining, Andino dived and swam in the sea and tried to catch fish by hand. One morning Pancho had brought him home weak and shivering. He had always stuttered a little but that day he could not say a word. Had it not been for a fisherman who had gone under the water and fished him out, Andino would have drowned. Rosa never let him go to the beach again but pretended not to see when he got into the water tank in the patio.

I remembered the hot day Godmother Tobías almost caught him. She was talking to me so I could not signal to him. Then he stood on the edge of the tank, naked, saw her and jumped back into the water. Suspicious Godmother Tobías stayed on and Andino remained hidden in the water so long I was afraid he might be drowning. Suddenly I called out loud "Andino!" Godmother Tobías could not understand why I had to yell and asked me if I was sick. I called him again and ran to the stairs. When I came back to the patio I saw Andino was up a tree drying himself with a kitchen towel. Godmother Tobías called from a window that I ought to play with my own brothers.

My Papa stayed more and more at the farm. When he was home, he would come down of a sunshiny morning and sit on the mill stone.

"Good day, Don Pedro."

"Good day, girls."

Rosa the cook, the chambermaid, the dining room girl and Alelí, would all talk with him about earthquakes, miracles, and thieves. If Alelí said something they all listened because my Papa favored her. She liked to talk about the thieves and fights that the policeman on the corner told her of. Once she, who always wore shoes, showed my Papa some steps of the cueca. She raised her skirts to show him the steps. At the heel tapping and waving of the handkerchief, my Papa clapped so loudly that Rosa looked in the direction of the house and signalled

him to keep the clapping down. He put up his hands to his black beard and made a face. My Papa was not serious, he always made us laugh. Afterwards Alelí said, "Don Pedro is a fine gentleman."

"You ought to know, girl!" said Rosa. They all teased Alelí and laughed at her.

My Mama would seldom let herself be seen in the patio. If she did, it was to talk to Pancho about something. He was devoted to my Mama. Holding his hat in front of him, he would listen to her while the maids stopped what they were doing and stared from a distance. Because my Mama's name was Esperanza, after she had left, the maids would nudge each other and say, "*¡Qué esperanza!*—What chance have we, girls!"

Pancho liked to tell how he had come to work in our house. When a young fellow, he had been a daredevil and a chicken thief. One evening he descended into our patio and as he started to make away with a pair of hens, Mama came out with a gun and ordered him to climb down the wall. At first he believed the Señorita was only fooling and kept climbing up. But when he had reached the top of the wall, a bullet hit one of the dead chickens. After a bullet had gone through the crown of his hat, Pancho dropped back into the patio. My Mama made him chop some wood and afterwards forgave him and let him eat with the maids in the kitchen. He stayed on and became the coachman. Everybody said that he would give his life for my Mama.

Pancho had a beautiful voice. He liked to sit near Alelí and sing. "Look at me," he said to her one day. "This song is for you, Alelí." "Don't waste your tune on me, man," she answered. The girls giggled. They knew Pancho was foolish about Alelí.

One Sunday afternoon when Pancho was singing in the patio, my Mama asked him to sing for the company in the house. He turned his dark face toward the open windows of the second floor and sang,

"The love of my nag and my girl awaits me yonder.
Oh . . . glorious land of Argentina!
I long to see thee once again."

The maids teased Pancho. "If you've got your nag and your girl over there in Argentina, man, you must be a Gaucho and not a Chilean."

"Don't be foolish. That's only a song," said Pancho and moved away in his creaky boots.

My Mama asked him to teach me to sing. He would bend down with his friendly, horsy smell and say, "Listen, Diego, like this. . . ." And as he patted my shoulder keeping time to the tune, I tried to follow. It's all right for a boy's voice, Señora Esperanza," he would say to my Mama. "But he's got to sing louder to be heard up in the house."

I wished I had a voice as loud as Andino's. He was not good at talking, but when he sang, his voice was as loud as a burro's. Pancho taught us to sing "Beautiful Fruit" together.

"How pretty the fruit looks up on the branch!
If I throw a stone, it's got to drop.
It is not mine! I know it's not mine!
Yet I want to eat that beautiful fruit."

"Kids, you sing 'Beautiful Fruit' just like water," Pancho had said.

It was a long time since Rosa had removed the copper cauldron, put the kettle on the fire and taken two trips to the kitchen. The wind blew among the trees and shook the cold dew onto the grass. The big kettle never boiled and Rosa never finished the washing. The kettle sat on the red bricks like the black brooding hen. Andino was up. After a run beyond the little yellow house in the rear of the patio, he was crouching beside the kettle. He stuck kindling between the logs and blew from below until the wood gave off sparks and flames. The kettle spout began to hiss.

"Rosa, Rosita, make the *ulpo,* please!" he pleaded.

Rosa shifted the weight of her body.

"It's got to boil first, *niño,*" she said.

I wondered how much longer we would have to wait. As she slapped and squeezed the linen she was washing, she turned her round face to me and smiled.

"This *is* the last water, the water of the bluing."

She lifted her two hands full of water and let it drip into the tub to show the water with the bluing.

The good smell of burned beans came from the kitchen. Rosa stood up as Andino ran to the kitchen. His mother stopped him at the door, chased him away and he leapt back to blow and pant under the kettle.

"Rosa, Rosita, look! It's whistling!" he shouted. He looked over his shoulder to see if Rosa had gone back into the kitchen. Andino was afraid of his mother because she had already been drinking wine. From the distance he chanted,

"The tailless hen laid an egg in the kitchen. She laid one, she laid two, she laid three, she laid four, she laid five, she laid six, she laid seven, she laid eight and she got bread and she got cake."

Pancho, who had taught us "The Tailless Hen," said you could add any number of eggs as you grew up, up to a hundred.

Rosa tilted the great tub and the bluish water ran smoothly into the drain. Soon she would be squeezing underwear and bedsheets and talking of snakes and dragons and hanging them on the line. But as she looked down at me and up at the long clothesline tied to the avocado tree, the mimosa, the almond tree and one leg of the large iron water tank, she shook her head and began to pile the squeezed linen in the tub.

"I'll hang the snakes and dragons on the rope after I've given Diego his *papita,*" she said.

Ulpo was wheat flour mixed with hot water and sugar. When

they gave it to me they called it *papita* because I was small. Rosa was the one who toasted the wheat in the earthenware dish. It smelled sweet. Rosa would put the toasted grains on the flat stone, crouch over and grind them with the stone grinder. If somebody made her laugh when she was grinding the flour, it would fly up in a cloud and her brown face and bosom got powdered with it.

I heard the sound of windows being opened. The maids shook out the feather dusters. I was cold and I wished I was indoors. Soon my brothers and sisters would be in the dining room. There would be a cup of tea with hot milk and a buttered roll before each one.

Rosa, who came out of the kitchen to fetch the kettle, said on leaving:

"What's the big matter, boy? You certainly got the hunger face this morning. You'll get yours now-now, Diego."

Breakfast was getting nearer.

Sooner than I expected, Rosa's big figure came out of the kitchen. She was walking toward me at a slow pace with a bowl of *ulpo*. She churned the steaming bowl with the spoon and smiled. I wanted to stand up and go and get it but I didn't because I was wet and because the sound of wild feet running in the house had upset me. One morning my brother Antonio had caught me walking with my pants muddy, with mimosa flowers stuck onto them. He had called the others and they had cried out:

"Look! He's got flowers on his behind."

I had blushed and run. They had chased me and laughed.

"Diego climbed the cherry tree! Red cherries! He's up the cherry tree!"

Alelí had come to the rescue.

The sun had disappeared and the trees had grown dark. The air was colder.

Rosa moved slowly and she was about to cross the board bridge over the drain when the bowl flew from her hands. She fell on her knees, beat her breast and cried out.

"The earth is trembling, O Lord! Have mercy, have mercy on us, Lord!"

The ground pressed under me. I jumped up. My legs wouldn't carry me, so I seized the trunk of the mimosa tree. I held the trunk tight, the branches swayed and I trembled with the tree while a shower of deep yellow mimosa fell all over.

My Mama's shout "Children run straight to the center of the patio!" filled the air. I turned round. They were all rushing out. As my Mama emerged from the house, tiles fell from the second story roof and broke about her feet. At last Alelí came over, I threw my arms round her neck, and we quickly joined my Mama and the children in the center of the patio. The servants were there too. They were all praying. My Mama's blue eyes were wide open as if she wanted to see us all at once. Her brown hair covered the whole back of her beautiful red dressing

gown. While Alelí hugged me, my Mama turned her big white face toward me and kissed me. She also kissed Pichita and baby sister, who were held by their nurses, and asked them if they were all right. I broke into tears. Other children were crying too.

When my Mama said, "It's all over, children!" everybody scattered. Alelí put me down. Palomo, the black dog, was frightened, and trembled and sniffed the grass. A few of us lingered around sister María, who looked with great interest at the floripondio tree that grew from the middle of a thick adobe wall. She picked up several of the funnel shaped milky white flowers which had fallen off and said she loved that perfume. "Look!" she said pointing at the roots of the floripondio that showed through a large crack in the lower part of the wall. "They're like a net."

Soon all my brothers and sisters had gone back to the house. The maids gathered near the kitchen to eat. Andino and I got fresh bowls of *ulpo*. Alelí set the steaming bowl between my legs. The first spoonful burned my mouth, but this *ulpo* was sweet, beautiful *ulpo*. I tried to imitate Andino who could make such a big noise with his thick lips. "I make it sing, see?" he said. Rosa had put her straw hat on the ground close to the dark ball of her feet and was sipping maté.

As soon as I finished my *ulpo* Alelí came over. "It's drizzling," she said and picked me up. She asked me if I wanted to take a little siesta with her. I was cold and tired. We went into her room and Alelí shut the door. The room was night dark. Alelí undressed me and put me to bed. Then she undressed and got into bed with me. I was supposed to take my siesta in my own bed but I still liked to sleep with my nurse.

Katherine Simons

CARL HERTZOG,* PRINTER

THROUGH THE YEARS since 1937, a small and varied collection of finely printed books has been coming quietly out of an El Paso printshop. "Printed at the Pass on the Rio Bravo" or "Carl Hertzog, Printer, El Paso, Texas," say their colophons. The printer himself will say very little about their excellences and much about their flaws, for he is a true perfectionist. Then, wary of praise, he adds—Texas accent slowly dragging the words—, "Don't tell anybody I'm good. Just say I'm trying." These notes, therefore, are a record of Carl Hertzog's trying.

This tall, spare, nervously intent printer could rightly be called bookmaker to the Southwest, if that title did not unduly stress his regional quality at the expense of his broader absorption in the craftsman's universal problems of design and harmony. Southwestern items are, it is true, the major burden of his output; but it does not take long to discover that these books have been chosen simply because Carl Hertzog liked them enough to spend his skill to clothe them well, not because he wished thereby to garner up small glory in the frogpond of regionalism. His story belongs among the best of all: it is the record of an artist responding unselfconsciously to the material and the environment he loves because they are one with his

* Printer's Mark by Tom Lea.

mind and spirit, not because he chooses to parade them as a professional Southwesterner. The distinction is basic—and too often unregarded even by some who scorn the thundering herds of the horse opera. From training under Porter Garnett at Carnegie Tech, through years of work as a commercial printer when fine bookmaking was for him a costly avocation, Hertzog has grown steadily in the craft. Now, in varied association with artists Tom Lea, Harold Bugbee, and José Cisneros and with those two of the Peripatetic Press, E. DeGolyer and Elizabeth Ann McMurray, he has become a key figure in Southwestern book production, still apparently unaware that he is nationally as well as regionally recognized.

He works as he always has: a book or two at a time. He plans with infinite care the type, paper, format, binding. Page by page, letter by letter, he scans the type and husbands the press runs with tireless, critical survey for shadings in the ink, minute imperfections in the weight of imprint of the letters. In earlier days he kept a notebook for each book he printed, in which he filed the preliminary sketches, early and later proof sheets, and all related correspondence. For one book, J. Evetts Haley's *Charles Schreiner, General Merchandise: the Story of a Country Store,* which he printed in 1944 for the Texas State Historical Association, this correspondence with editor, author, patron, publisher, typefounder, bookbinder, and papermakers ran to over two hundred letters. From these files Hertzog draws a wealth of anecdote, much of it informal and salty, as the author's off-the-record comment happens to run.

Like all good book designers, Hertzog has a lively period sense. The design of his current book, *The Journey of Fray Marcos de Niza,* by Cleve Hallenbeck, which he has printed for the University Press in Dallas, should not go unremarked by the historically minded. Because the type was most accessible in a complete range of sizes with all the accents, Hertzog set a trial page in Baskerville, with a title in other letters reminiscent of

the English secretary hand of the Sixteenth Century. The effect was good—clear and strong and dignified, a satisfaction to the more than casual eye. But to Hertzog the time was out of joint. "Too British," he says, "too much English Eighteenth Century in the Baskerville. John Bull all over the page, firm and solid." And so the change, to a type more costly for Hertzog, was made. The book now stands in Centaur, a Bruce Rogers design based on the Venetian type of the Fifteenth Century, closer to Fray Marcos by two hundred years, by half a continent of space, by the whole of Latin culture. Its very aspect on the page is exploratory and adventurous. Study the oblique cut of serif, the nervous push of *f* and *y* and *h*, the chiseled stroke of every line—and picture once again those other letters, cut in rock: *"Pasó por aqui—."* Then compare them with the type upon this very page: Baskerville—and "Anglo."

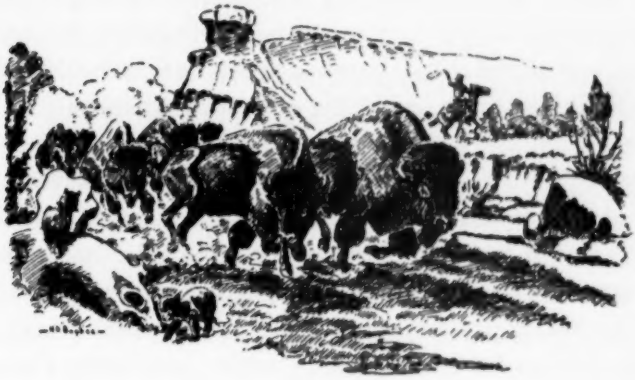
For the *Fray Marcos,* José Cisneros, an El Paso artist who often works closely with Hertzog, has provided the hand-drawn titles, in simulation of the old Spanish text letter. The special parts of the book are set in the Arrighi italic, a calligraphic design of Coronado's time, selected by Rogers to go with the Centaur. The use of the type is itself climactic, from the fourteen-point Centaur employed for introductory material and editor's analysis to the sixteen-point for Mendoza's instructions to the friar, to the eighteen-point for Fray Marcos' narrative itself—all enlivened by the occasional calligraphic pages. After a study of medieval papermaking, Hertzog had made to order a modern counterpart of the old medieval antique laid, in color nothing so much as the *caliche* of the Southwestern soil, in texture tough and interesting, with broken laid lines glancing through as the paper is held to light. The binding was a problem. Hertzog wanted a material to suggest the grayish-brown of the friar's habit. For a time he toyed with a two-color binding, the spine in the indigo which the New World friars were said to have used for lack of any other dye. But the combination was wrong. What

he finally chose was close to the later Franciscan brown, and he got it by using the reverse side of the shiny "arithmetic book" cloth which wore so well on our old eighth-grade copies of Wentworth and Smith.

Others of Hertzog's books show the same instinct for harmony. The design of *Charles Schreiner, General Merchandise* suggested exactly the flavor of an old country store, with the "horse and buggy" type of the chapter titles, the sandy, off-color "dun" paper, the brown ink. For this book and also for *Some Southwestern Trails* (1948), the drawings by Harold Bugbee caught the rugged, casual spirit of the men and the land. The latter book, printed on Arak Tan paper in Intertype Baskerville, is an eight and one-half by eleven-inch size, the spine on the short side. The story of each one of twelve old trails is told on a two-page spread, one devoted to illustration, the other to a two-column comment, with a simple, dusky-red line map of the trail for marginal decoration at side, bottom, or center page. Here again, paper, type, and illustration blend with subject matter; here the Baskerville may be as Anglo-Saxon as it chooses. For A. W. Neville's *The Red River Valley Then and Now* (1948), Hertzog ordered from a Rhode Island firm a binding cloth "the color of Red River mud and texture of old homespun." He got exactly that, his order having been filled quite by chance by a Rhode Island ex-G. I., who spent part of World War II in a camp in the Red River area. Tom Lea's *Peleliu Landing* (1945) is clothed as fittingly in Marine herringbone twill, the combat dungaree cloth.

Two unusual Texas items designed by Hertzog and illustrated by José Cisneros are handsome period pieces. *The Journey of Three Englishmen Across Texas in 1568* (for the Peripatetic Press, 1947) is a facsimile reprint, with an interpretative essay by E. DeGolyer, of a little-known narrative from the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*. The facsimile, which includes the title page of the first edition of Hakluyt, is in offset, Mr. DeGol-

yer's essay in Garamond, closely resembling the pages from Hakluyt. José Cisneros' frontispiece, his map of the journey, and jacket illustration add vividness to the narrative of the three seamen from John Hawkins' third expedition, David Ingram, Richard Browne, and Richard Twide, who made a journey on foot from the Gulf of Mexico to New Brunswick. The paper is imported "English handmade" as is shown in the watermark under the facsimile reading "London, 1589." The cover is a rough gray paper crossed by a few footprints in darker gray ink; and the jacket is especially handsome: a rich terra cotta antique paper with the picture printed over aluminum ink. The deputies



Good brands are inclined to wear well, to persist, to endure. Nevertheless, the exactions of a rough and rigorous environment take a heavy toll on the Western ranges. Hence it is significant of strength of tradition, soundness of management, and quality of cattle that the first great brand on the Plains of Texas is still borne by thousands of beeves.

When Charles Goodnight decided to leave the eaten-out valley of the Arkansas, near Pueblo, in 1875, and quest again

[9]

From *The Heraldry of the Range*, 1949.

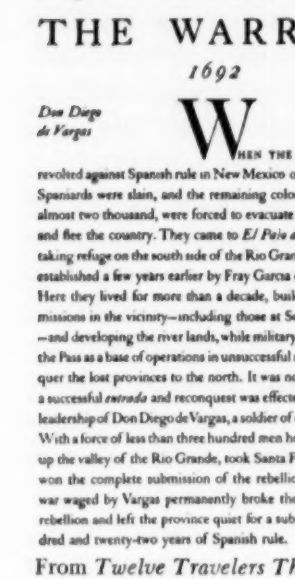
of Christopher Barker, "printer to the Queenes most excellent maiestie" in 1589, gave to the first edition of Hakluyt no more fitting form. *El Sal del Rey*, by Walace Hawkins, (for the Texas State Historical Association, 1947) is illustrated by Cisneros too, with maps—gold on black for the end papers—adapted from the author's oil-company blueprints to conform to territorial style in cartography. The book is an account of the Spanish and Texan mineral law and the rôle played in its history by the salt lake, El Sal del Rey. Striking elements of the design are the salt-white cover set with a Spanish crown in gold, a handsome title page with coat of arms in five colors, a jacket with the shadowy words and scenes of the old Texas land patent, showing that Texas acquired lands only by force in battle, lingering behind the flashing red of the title. Hertzog's attack here is bold and rich and striking, without any of the garishness which this description might imply.

Carl Hertzog's actual execution of a page can be so painstaking as to make one wonder if he would not be an easier and more comfortable man if he could possess at least the "tolerance" for error known to the engineer. To watch him at work is to understand that he has no peace of mind with anything short of perfection. He spent endless pains on the Centaur type for the *Fray Marcos* volume. The capital *V* followed by *a* as set in monotype produces the illusion of misplaced space. He had special letters cast, giving the *a*, for example, a slight overhang to the left to fit up under the *V*, and "justified" the rest of the line elsewhere with thin copper spaces. Specially cast thin apostrophes took care of what were to him similarly displeasing spaces in possessives. The sixteen- and eighteen-point Centaur had no accents; and since the mats for this type are made in England, he faced a delay of three to eight months before the accents could be cast here commercially. Again, by sawing off the tops of the *a's*, *e's* and *o's* and inserting tiny accents he solved his problem, page

by page throughout the text. He once destroyed a whole first printing for an edition of *The Unpublished Letters of Adolphe Bandelier* (1942) because the impression was uneven. *The Third Hunger and the Poem Aloud,* by Robert P. Tristram Coffin, (for the Texas State College for Women, 1949) was half printed when a vital typographical error was exposed: "Spencer" for "Spender" in a list of berated poets. For the sake of Coffin's friend Theodore Spencer and Carl Hertzog's sense for perfection, no mere "erratum" was noted; the correction was made in the text, although four pages had to be cut out of a section by hand, reprinted, and inserted to eliminate the error. But Hertzog's sense for rightness in a book goes far beyond such exacting accuracy as this. The very building of a book is instinct with it: note the position of the last paragraph of Tom Lea's *A Grizzly from the Coral Sea* (1944). It is an afterword, actually, and it lies in the printed text where it belongs—all alone on the final page. The casual reader may think this placing an accident; actually it was achieved intentionally by remaking the previous ten pages and inducing the artist-author to draw another illustration.

A survey of the thirty-odd items which comprise the bulk of Hertzog's output since 1937 quickly reveals the long association between the printer and his fellow-townsman, the artist Tom Lea. Outstanding are the early items, *The Notebook of Nancy Lea* (1937), *George Catlin, Westward Bound* (1939), Lea's own *Randado* (1941), then his two war pieces, *A Grizzly from the Coral Sea* (1944) and *Peleliu Landing* (1945), and finally, after the war, in 1946, the beautiful *Calendar of Twelve Travelers Through the Pass of the North,* which had its beginnings as early as 1938. Hertzog's recent tribute to Lea in the *Saturday Review of Literature* on the occasion of the publication of Lea's first novel, *The Brave Bulls,* tells between its lines the secret of this partnership: the complete respect of one hard-working artist for

another, a shared understanding of materials which have sunk deep into both men. *Twelve Travelers* is perhaps the capstone of their work. The book is printed from handset Caslon Old Style, on Georgian laid text, the illustrations photo-offset against a tinted background. A page of text tells simply and directly the story of the traveler pictured by Lea on the opposite leaf. From Cabeza de Vaca to Big Foot Wallace, twelve men who made history through the Pass on the Rio Bravo loom large on the folio pages. The first edition, sponsored by the El Paso Electric Company, was limited to 365 copies. Two editions in offset facsimile on smaller size pages followed, the second of which, in pamphlet form, was distributed to all high school students in the valley of the Pass of the North from Las Cruces to Sierra Blanca.


THE WARRIOR

1692

Don Diego de Vargas

WHEN THE Pueblo Indians revolted against Spanish rule in New Mexico over four hundred Spaniards were slain, and the remaining colonists, numbering almost two thousand, were forced to evacuate their settlements and flee the country. They came to *El Paso del Norte* in 1680, taking refuge on the south side of the Rio Grande at the mission established a few years earlier by Fray Garcia de San Francisco. Here they lived for more than a decade, building several new missions in the vicinity—including those at Socorro and Yaleta—and developing the river lands, while military expeditions used the Pass as a base of operations in unsuccessful attempts to reconquer the lost provinces to the north. It was not until 1692 that a successful *entrada* and reconquest was effected, under the new leadership of Don Diego de Vargas, a soldier of energy and talent. With a force of less than three hundred men he marched rapidly up the valley of the Rio Grande, took Santa Fé, and eventually won the complete submission of the rebellious Pueblos. The war waged by Vargas permanently broke the forces of native rebellion and left the province quiet for a subsequent one hundred and twenty-two years of Spanish rule.

From *Twelve Travelers Through the Pass of the North*, 1947.

The treatment of Lea's two personal narratives from his war experiences, *A Grizzly from the Coral Sea* and *Peleliu Landing*, is as diverse as the accounts themselves. The first is a sensitive record of men aboard the *Hornet* in the Coral Sea, gentleness and nostalgia mingling with the tension of a General Quarters. Again design supports the narrative: the corals and blues of the illustrations are soft against the Chinese paper; the old Scotch Roman type is taut and masculine. All the agony and shock of the Marine landing on Peleliu Island are in Lea's other narrative. The black and white of the sketches he drew "before my hand steadied" are stark and poignant beyond the paintings

he later made from them for *Life* magazine. The nervous energy of the Centaur type reinforces the tension of his story: black on dead white it stands, bound in combat cloth. The ruddy words "Peleliu Landing" on the title page and the big initial *M,* a single bloody splash of an opening letter intensify, rather than relieve, the note of battle shock.

To stress the Hertzog-Lea production is not to deprecate the work of Hertzog with other illustrators and editors and for other publishers. Many titles stand out, for example Ross Calvin's *River of the Sun,* designed for the University of New Mexico Press in 1945, which was one of the monthly selections of the Trade Book Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Many other books, such as J. E. McCauley's *A Stove-Up Cowboy's Story* for the Texas Folklore Society Range Life Series in 1943, might be placed among those already mentioned here. It is a satisfying output to study, in this area so far off the beaten trail of the United States book trade.

Carl Hertzog's latest tangent is satisfying, too. At present he is beginning his third year of part-time teaching about printing, books, and bookmaking at Texas Western College, El Paso. To those who cry out against his squandering of valuable artist's time on the rank and file of students who may or may not recognize the calibre of his product, Hertzog has a mild and diffident defense: "I've always liked," he says quietly, "to tell people about the things that interest me—to show them what I think is good." To him it is as simple as that. An artist-craftsman with his skill and integrity can afford to dispense with academic complexities. It should be good for students to listen to a man with Carl Hertzog's record for "trying."

Milton Hindus

CHESS

THAT I AM NOT as good a player at chess as I should like to be has caused me an unbelievable amount of anguish. This is probably the hardest confession I have ever had to make, because though I have made some pretty disgraceful ones before this, the one I am making now seems above all to be silly. Silliness is worse than disgrace, for when one is disgraced one has at least the excuse to suffer but the exposure of silliness cannot be assuaged except by self-mockery.

But perhaps if I could make clear the reasons for my pain at not being an expert at chess, it would all be more understandable. This really leads into a tremendous field. From a purely literary point of view, I have found chess to supply me with the most figures of speech. If I want to understand something in life by an analogy, or to explain what I understand to somebody else, I find that there is nothing so useful as the game of chess. The only unfortunate thing is that here in America it is not a very popular game and so most people cannot understand exactly what I mean. But they shake their heads anyway, because there is an honorific distinction about chess being a very intellectual game, and intellectuals are still honored even when they are not understood. It is too bad that they do not understand my analogies between life and chess, because even though I must say so myself, they are always good. Perhaps I am flattering myself, but I think that I am

a better literary man than a chess player. This is not as immodest as it appears, because I could hardly be worse.

My self-consciousness in confessing the importance of the game of chess is not something that is peculiar to me. The greatest player who ever lived suffered from the same feeling probably, and it may have been what eventually drove him out of his mind. At any rate, that is the impression which I have of him. I am talking about Paul Morphy, who defeated every important player of his time when he was hardly past twenty years old. A prodigy of genius—if ever there was one. The only trouble was that he did not respect what he excelled in most. He wanted to be a lawyer, a respectable man, not a gamester, a "chess bum" as the real *aficionados* of the game are contemptuously referred to, sometimes by themselves, sometimes by the lukewarm amateurs who can take the game or leave it. Put yourself in the place of Morphy and feel what a tragedy that conflict must have been for him. To find that what he was brought into the world especially to do was something that the world and the reflection of its conventional opinion that was conditioned into himself could not respect. It is as bad as being born a poet in an age interested in science or being born an experimenter in a time dominated by dogma.

As much genius may go into playing the game of chess as into any of the pursuits of mankind—politics, war, art, literature, drama, music—any of them. And the pleasure which the evidence of such genius gives to me as a beholder is as ecstatic as any other. The invitations to hero-worship are no greater in any other field than in chess, for the astonishment which a heaven inspired intellect produces there makes us realize at one and the same time our own limitations and the range of possible endowments for the human mind. It makes us humble in ourselves and proud of the human race we belong to—and these are the feelings leading to identification with one of our own kind who is superior to ourselves. This we call hero-worship.

Chess is no battle of annihilation, like checkers. A player may

be still in the possession of his original complement of men, while his opponent may be in possession of few of his, and yet the first player may be lost because his king is captured. The prime qualities required by this game, then, become subtlety and ever ready watchfulness. No player, not even the greatest, can afford to nod for an instant, because that instant may give a clever though losing opponent the opportunity to reverse fortunes.

No one, I believe, knows who invented the game. But whoever it was who invented it must have been a pretty shrewd critic of the world and of the things and people within it. It may have been some court jester who thought it up for the amusement of his lord —a jester who had to justify each move and rule with a new piece of wit. We can imagine his delight at the idea of making the queen the most powerful piece on the board and of leaving the king, whose pride was appeased by being made the emblem of victory, little more power than is possessed by the most humble pawn or foot soldier. How his master, if he was good-natured—and his good nature is argued by his jester venturing such a jest—must have been amused by that. Hurt a little too by the home truth underneath the humor and recognizing the excellent imitation of the relationships of this world which man has always called art. But the subtlety of that mythical jester goes much further than this. For the queen who is all-powerful and can perform every move of the other pieces is yet limited in one way. She cannot make the oblique, sidelong, indescribable and awkward hop of the knight, whose specialized ability makes him under certain circumstances even more powerful than the queen, so that, when the pawn reaches the last stage of the game and is entitled to promotion, it may be more advisable on rare occasions to have him become a knight rather than a queen.

And take that power of promotion in the pawn. How our jester must have enjoyed that, for did it not argue the latent power of greatness in the little persons like himself; and again his lord must have acknowledged the justice of his imitation and been sad-

dened by the reflection on glory and the transitory nature of all things which it contained. The stolid rook is the bulwark of the kingdom. He has no tricks or subtleties whatsoever. He moves up and down and right and left in straight lines. He is a heavy piece and judged the most powerful on the board with the exception of the queen, though his powers, like those of the pawn, are not allowed their greatest scope until the latter part of the game. The bishops, which flank the king and queen, are light and mobile pieces. Their value is almost equivalent to that of the knights, and they move along the diagonals—hence their names, for the white bishop moves along the squares of the white diagonals and the black bishop on the squares of the black diagonals. The ecclesiastics are the indirect, crooked fellows of the pattern. They are fast, they can be treacherous, and they always have to be carefully watched. Apparently our jester was not fond of the Church, or whatever the central religious institution of his country was called, for chess goes back much further than two thousand years. Some have thought that it might have come from ancient Persia—for the German name of the game, "shach" suggests a connection with the name the Persians give to their ruler—the "shah."

When the game is played greatly—and these are the games which are a part of the literature of chess and which have an immortality of fame as secure as that of the products of any art, the struggle hinges not only on the position of the king, perhaps not even mainly on his position. It rages around every point, every pawn, and every piece on the board. For in a great game, it suffices that an adversary gain only the most minute advantage for him gradually to increase it until he presses back the mind of his opponent to defeat.

But there are other reasons for the game's attractiveness, and some of them I can deduce from my own experience. There is the attraction of the absolute fairness and openness of the game. Unlike even the most intellectual games of cards, there is no element in it of gambling or of secrecy. Nothing is tested but power of

observation and of linked, consecutive thought which is called planning. Nothing is at stake except intellectual pride, and there is the rub for me because my mind has always been stronger than my body and to be defeated, therefore, on such favored terrain is especially painful.

I have always had a great and inexplicable aversion to gambling, and this in spite of my skill and luck at all games involving chance and deception. Even when I was a boy, I was able to win at games like poker and rummy with extraordinary consistency. Though ordinarily expressive, I have, in playing a game that allows for bluff, an ideal type of poker face. My nerves are steadier during such a game than they ever are under other circumstances. It seems that I was born to play poker, and I hate it. Perhaps I am a little like Morphy in this. I do not respect the game in which I excel. Luck and bluff have always seemed to me subintellectual advantages. I despise what is not based upon a complicated skill and entire openness.

Now so far as success in life itself is concerned, there is a much closer analogy between the conditions of life and the conditions of poker than there is between the conditions of life and those of chess. In life, too, luck plays the greatest role and there is endless room for bluff. Rarely do the cards in life have to be put on the table because the bluff has been called. Only those who are nervous, or too blatantly outrageous, or stupid in their timing have such an awkward misfortune visited upon them. Chess, on the other hand, is not related to the world as it is but as it ought to be. It is the refuge of the reasonable mind from an unreasonable reality. There, the rewards go with the most perfect fidelity and justice to those who deserve them most. No man can bluff in a game of chess. Every man's true face is seen and every man's depth is accurately reflected in its lines. It is my better, my more philosophical part that responds to chess. If the material of the world were all in all to me, I would stick to poker—which is what most successful politicians and business men actually do. It fits them for their

tasks. They learn through it to despise the rational qualities of man and to respect his lowest ones, his undeserved luck and his animal cunning. Chess, on the other hand, unfits one for practical success. It makes one admire his intellectual betters; it destroys rank and reduces king and commoner to one status, which is the status given them by their brainpower. A demoralizing game, obviously, for practical men. The opposite of life. Reason rules in chess; these is no room for accident or mistake. It is Plato's ideal universe.

I first became acquainted with chess through one of my Hebrew teachers. Pretty soon I was learning more chess from him than Hebrew. He was a middle-aged man with a luxuriant black beard which he always thrust against my face when he was talking to me so that the bristles irritated my skin. There was a continual rain of spittle when he talked, and though I had much affection for his sweet nature (he was more to my taste than any of my other teachers of Hebrew, he stayed with me longest, prepared me for my Confirmation, and when years afterward I heard of his death I was moved) these two things, the beard and the spittle put a great strain upon me so that I naturally preferred a game where there was little occasion to talk to a study which consisted largely of talk. He astonished me with his abilities. Such unsuspected stratagems, such depths of purpose as he revealed before my unsophisticated eyes made me breathless. It was a new world of infinite possibilities. I was caught. Then came the laborious learning pains, but unlike Hebrew I learned chess not because somebody else thought I should but because I myself wanted to. It made a great deal of difference. I went to pains of study and application which otherwise I should scarcely have done.

It was not long before I passed from a consideration of the game itself to being intrigued by the romance which surrounded its history. I learned all the great names and what each one stood for. Morphy and Staunton, Anderssen, Steinitz, Lasker, Rubinstein, Nimzowitch, Capablanca, Alekhine. When in the rooms of the

Manhattan Chess Club I saw an old print of a match between Staunton and another player, I actually breathed the dusty atmosphere of that long forgotten room and stood among the faded costumes of the period. Time gives a wonderful iridescence of earth colors to the plainest piece of glass in some city buried thousands of years ago; its spiritual effect of transformation is no less obvious. I was more excited by that picture than I was by the spectacle of the players actually about me at the moment, though these were some of the most celebrated of our time. Age had given a masterful varnish and consequent illusion of transcendent greatness to the older picture.

When as a child I went to Lakewood with my grandparents, I usually derived my pleasure from the pine woods and from horse and buggy rides, but that year I remember going to the local library and taking out a book dealing with the possible opening moves of chess and studying it during the ten days of my Christmas vacation.

I soon discovered the limitations of my Hebrew teacher and joined the chess club in my high school. There I realized my strength, which was not great, and my limitations, which were many. The discovery that I was not going to be another champion naturally dampened my ardor somewhat, but never quenched it completely. I was just good enough myself to appreciate the greatness of others, and that after all was something. It is what the whole educational process should lead to when it is successful, but unfortunately so rarely does. I reached the height of my powers when I was able to win a game blindfolded from a fairly strong opponent who had sight of the board. That was the test of tests for me and I am still proud of having passed it though I doubt if I could repeat it now.

The mention of playing blindfolded introduces us to one of the most astonishing features of the game of chess and deserves to be dwelt upon. I have said that the genius which goes into chess is as great as that which goes into any of the more "serious" pur-

suits of life, and now I should like to prove it. The game is complicated and difficult enough even with full sight of the board. Think, then, of a man who can play blindfolded—not one game (as I did) but thirty-three games simultaneously and win most of them. But perhaps it is not clear to one not familiar with the game how this can be at all. What happens is that each of the sixty-four squares of the board is identified by means of a letter and a number which correspond to the crossing of the horizontal and vertical lines through it. A player who is blindfolded, then, is told verbally the move of his opponent, visualizes it, remembers it, and gives his own verbal reply to it. In the case of a man who plays many games simultaneously (or more accurately speaking, one move at a time on each board) he sits blindfolded in the center of the room and as each successive board is identified by its number, he listens to a description of the move of his opponent and follows it with his own move. And the sweat pours out of him in buckets. Lots of towels are kept ready. Thirty-three boards visualized simultaneously, and some of the games last as many as sixty moves! I know that all this is true, I know it with one part of me, and yet another part of me still thinks it incredible. Koltanowski is the man who holds that record, and I wonder what general or statesman or artist ever had to work that hard with his mind for his immortality. And he is followed very closely by the former world's champion, Alexander Alekhine, who gave a blindfold exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair in 1932 in which he played against thirty-two opponents at the same time.

The great eighteenth century French chess master and musician Philidor astonished contemporary society by playing three opponents while blindfolded. There has been progress. He wasn't really straining himself. Nowadays, I should say that the strain was almost at the breaking point.

But all of this succeeds possibly in filling some people only with impatience and contempt instead of with wonder—as it fills me. It is only a game! What a pity, what a waste of time and talent!

These are the hidden whispers which drove Morphy out of his mind. And life? What is that? Superior to a game? It is time to counterattack the realists. What have they ever succeeded in accomplishing except to prepare the way for games? The master-builders are followed by the playboys —the rhythm is inevitable. The pirates give way to the philanthropists. John D. Sr. to John D. Jr. And as between the Hutton (or whatever his name was) who founded the fortune and Barbara who frittered it away on European playboy nobility—who had less social value? It would be hard to say. Life is a game too—one of the inferior ones in which the more worthless the blackguard, the greater his success. Life is the game in which it is possible to cheat with the least chance of detection. And every philosopher who has ever constructed a system by which men could live well and in harmony with each other, every founder of a religion that emphasized justice and love, every writer who has castigated the vices of his age, and every artist and musician who brought delight to mankind instead of misery and pain—every one of these has had more in common with the player of a "game" than he has had with any of the realistic business men, politicians, and militarists who have undone his work. Life remains what life always was, a dirty game to which only two understandable answers can be given, contempt and escape.

The great age of games is waiting in the wings. It is ready to appear on stage. Once again, as it was under the Roman Empire, the great concerns of mankind will become bread and games. Juvenal used the phrase with disgust, *"panem et circenses,"* but it is perhaps the better alternative after all in a world in which the other alternative seems to be a combination, in varying proportions, of

war, poverty, and oppression. Playing games seems to be not only the most pleasant but the least harmful thing one can do in the world.

Take the question of anti-Semitism, for example. If there is one place in the world from which it would seem to be excluded it is the chessboard. From the board itself, it is indeed excluded. Two world champions, Steinitz, who is the founder of the modern game, and Emmanuel Lasker were Jewish, and so were such great masters as Rubinstein and Nimzowitch and Reti, and today Reshevsky, Fine and Botvinnik. But the world outside the board presses in upon it and sometimes succeeds in thrusting its ugly visage into the men who play the game. I have already mentioned Dr. Alexander Alekhine, who was twice champion of the world and one of the greatest players after Morphy in the history of the game. Such intellect as he displayed in his game would have done credit to a Napoleon, a Caesar, an Alexander, a Newton, a Pasteur, a Beethoven, or an Einstein. Who could have suspected him of the possibility of being infected with the subintellectual madness of Hitlerism? That most logical and lucid of all brains that was Alekhine's, it would seem, should have rejected the irrational obscurantism with disgust. But the world is a dirty game, too dirty to leave even its brightest intellects unsmirched. Alekhine was both a chess player and a man. As a chess player, he was beyond all praise. As a man, it would be more charitable, now that he is dead, to be silent, were it not for the fact that his vice is instructive not only about himself but about the world and the game of chess. It was during the late war that the news came to America that Alekhine, who had been stranded voluntarily or involuntarily in Europe, had written an anti-Semitic article in a chess magazine in Holland. Eventually, the article was tranlated into English and printed, as a curiosity, here in the United States in a magazine of chess edited by a number of unselfconscious Jews. I was struggling at that time with the painful fact of the

anti-Semitism of my favorite French writer, Louis Ferdinand Céline, a man who in the more subjective realm of literature occupied in my estimation a place similar to that occupied objectively in the chess galaxy of the world by Alekhine. Naturally the problem, especially since I was myself a Jew, interested me considerably.

I think that I shall never be able to look at one of the masterpieces created by Alekhine on the chessboard without thinking of that article. Not that my pleasure in his genius has been entirely spoiled—I should be a poor man spiritually if that had happened to me. But the contrast between one and the other is so overwhelming!

Briefly, Alekhine set out to show that there was a Jewish way of playing chess, which he said was of course cowardly, and an Aryan way of playing chess, which was brave and aggressive. Simply to state the theme in its bare outlines is to evaluate and pass judgment on it. He had some difficulty naturally in disposing of the Jewish champions, but left open the implication that they were simply the greatest cowards, who had pushed timidity to the point where it had led to the downfall of the more admirable Aryan Siegfrieds. It could have been a satire on the whole Hitlerian theory of race superiority, but unfortunately it wasn't. It was deadly serious. It contained not only the grand theory itself (the *reductio ad absurdum* of its German inspiration) but some incomparable little vignettes of life among the great minds of chess. He told a story dealing with Nimzowitch—presumably it happened during some tournament in which they had both exhibited their unbelievable intellectual accomplishment. Nimzowitch is supposed to have said to Alekhine—the reason not being given as I remember it—"When I call you a *Slav*, I am really saying etymologically that you are a *slave*." And Alekhine, drawing himself up to all the six feet of his Russian nobility, is supposed to have answered: "But when I call you a Jew, there is nothing more to be said!"

If these two masters had made moves on the board as ill-chosen as those clumsy insults, they should have been excluded from the good circles they occupied in chess immediately!

The "crushing" objection which is usually made to my reasoning as I do about chess is not a direct refutation but proceeds rather by way of an analogy. My critic usually begins to talk in hyperbolical terms about football, baseball, boxing, basketball, ice hockey, Chinese checkers, or whatever else he claims appeals to him as much as chess does to me. The idea is to reduce my claims to foolishness by extending my claims to all games instead of restricting them to one. Two things may be said about this. First, that not all games are of equal value—as I have tried to show in passing by comparing the qualities of chess, as I see them, with those of such games as checkers, rummy, and poker. The second point is that I am willing to allow, if pressed, the charms of other games and to allow their claims to some of the superlative comparisons to life that I have attributed to chess. A great baseball player is an infinitely more beautiful example of nature than most Presidents of the United States. And a wrestler or boxer may perform feats of ingenuity and strength which put even a combination in chess into shadow. I'll follow anybody into any kind of Whitmanesque raptures that he pleases to indulge about sports and their beauties and the enthusiasms which they are capable of arousing. I'll surpass them even in their dithyrambs. I have said that the great age of games is waiting in the wings of history, and I did not mean to limit my prediction to my own taste for chess.

Finally, however, we come to a point where chess is seen to be not so different from life after all. That point is the point where all things eventually lead—the point that Ecclesiastes reached when he said that everything was vanity and a striving after wind, the point that Juvenal reached in his Tenth Satire on the vanity of human wishes, the point that Schopenhauer reached. Everything comes even at the end. The multiple zero cancels out

all desires, which in a way is consoling to me since I shall always be frustrated in my ambition to be a good chess player. The theme of futility is already sounded by the disparity between chess masters as players and as people. Alekhine behaving like a child. Morphy letting a foolish world talk him into despising what he was best fitted to do in the world. And the end is always the same. I have mentioned the madness which closed Morphy's brilliant and abortive career. I should mention now the piece of meat that slipped accidentally one day into the windpipe of Alekhine as he was dining alone in his hotel room in Lisbon, Portugal, around the time of the war's end and choked him horribly to death—a very rare but not unparalleled case in medical annals. How many masterpieces of chess genius that piece of meat—the papers gave its exact length in inches after the autopsy which removed it—robbed the world of! How much pleasure he was yet capable of giving to amateurs like myself. We were all looking forward to his prospective match for the world championship with Michael Botvinnik, the Soviet champion and a Jew into the bargain, the second greatest player in the world. Now throughout eternity the question of what would have happened had they met must remain open—like the tantalizing questions about the potential poems of Keats or the unwritten symphonies of Schubert.

And while I am still here on the subject of mortality, there was that other world champion of our time, the prodigy who defeated great competition at the age of five, Capablanca. What was his end? He walked into a chess club in New York one day to watch a game and as he was watching he collapsed. A brain hemorrhage killed him—like the one that killed Franklin Roosevelt. As for the Jewish champion, Lasker, his history is familiar. Driven into exile by the nation whose name his exploits honored, his picture appeared in a manual put out by the Nazis. As unable to understand the reason for his greatness as if they were baboons and he an Einstein, the only thing his Fatherland found to remember

about him was the shape of his nose. He died in poverty in the United States. I heard him lecture at the end in a small dirty hall on Second Avenue in New York to earn a little money for himself and his wife. The spectacle cost fifteen cents. When he died, the *New York Times* carried a two column obituary about him, which was the longest that I remember for a chess player.

I mean by all this to indicate the place and importance which a game like chess should hold among men. In a world where nothing is of any ultimate importance, there is no room for disparaging distinctions. That is what I have really been trying to say all along. Chess is as good as and better than other things in life, "serious" and less serious, but what if there is nothing really good in life? It would take a genius greater than Morphy or Alekhine or Capablanca to figure out that one. Just as he was getting somewhere, a heart attack would cut him short. I feel that nothing is worthwhile until someone can figure out the problem of existence itself—how to make us live forever, or at least very much longer than is possible now. It is usually time to die before we have had a chance to live, and to learn something even about a game like chess. Till that time, leave me with my chessboard, my books, paper, pen and plenty of ink. There is my private idea of Nirvana or Paradise.

SIBELIUS

fashions orchestrated soundclouds over mountains that grow
from spitted blue flutepoints in the far fjords,
makes out of woodwind and brasswind a woodland,
from pinewood wilderness forests of chords;

vibrates viola tone for river-rotted treeroot
and deepest viol voice for tottering cliffs
cleft by a glacier but left here by trombone
clarinet and piccolo, cracked clean as stone;

heaves without harmony avalanche on dinosaur
and draws the dew wet deer down tremulous from timber
into muted meadows with melodious stringsong:
poised frozen sound branching velvety antler;

can like a sudden peak break jaggèd and jangled
splitting with angled rock a starsinging night,
crack wide the darkest northern sky with cello
and splinter light everywhere with one violin.

HAROLD V. WITT

EVEN EVENING HEMISPHERES

Even evening hemispheres,
Halved of nostalgic, yellowed quince,
Retreat from ripeness since
I may not purely mourn mortality.

Sky puckers green, then seedy black;
I snort the odor out.
Seraphic sadness, I do not doubt,
Is myth that's piped by birds.

After performing all the pities,
I with levity make a better guest;
For I became uncertain lest
I sought them shrewdly for myself.

My first Love's lesson has matured;
I've learned how unyielding I must be:
He coaxed me pin Him to a tree
And let His blood confirm my bravery.

Of late He has grown delicate,
And His family's heard that I carouse;
They will not let Him leave the house,
But I think He pines for me. . . .

MILES WHITE

THE STONE

Sorrow stands tall and firm,
Naked, alive, unsad,
The everlasting germ
Of waking girl and lad.

Let the great blind bell toll
Its seal upon the morrow,
Today will still unroll
Sadness away from sorrow

As angels rolled a stone
And the unburied man
Who had been left alone
Awoke, arose, began.

WITTER BYNNER

CHILDREN'S PAINTINGS

Blue moon, striped bird
and pastel horses charging
over the nervous meadow:
clues with a clear touch
bewildering young eyes,
like clean lines snaking
through the wild fields
to the circles and edges
of ice-cube night, talking
to it with sweet-mist cries
that echo through
    their wilderness of whys.
Now the daubs mirror
easy phantoms who lie
in the white pathways
of the spotted world.
The delicate painters
listen to the chatter
of elephants and buildings,
while their hands wantonly
flow through
    the innocent glass.

JESS H. CLOUD

A LITTLE GIRL LOOKS AT A CLOCK

It's today time
And yesterday
Everywhere.

Six o'clock
And two ounces,
Now, tomorrow
And yesterday.

Half past
Six o'clock.
I like it
Very much,
Today time.

Now you say it.

CHARLES ANGOFF

A STEADY PRAISE

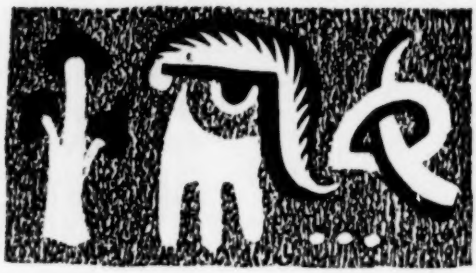
From one I have learnt
to break the shell skillfully,
and kernel relish;
neither to harm the outer
brittle skin when it already
of itself is marked by a line,
though wavering, where to be broken;
and the meat to keep whole
for its first "look,"
though I squeeze with the tongs of technique
relentlessly.

It is the whole look that sets the appetite
to race after the vision—
like the star that throws its image
upon the night, letting an eye see
a complete eye gazing back
upon it; which shall mean; it is as we know
from the liver, the spleen, the heart
and guts.

Oh life, you are a complete one
in your jumble, curved, rutted,
crooked and devious, as the inner
matter of the shell.
We pay homage by knowing.

DAVID IGNATOW

Haldeen Braddy



THE PRIMITIVE IN GERTRUDE STEIN'S "MELANCTHA"

THREE LIVES narrates the histories of three women in humble stations of life—these under the titles of "The Good Anna," "Melanctha," and "The Gentle Lena." In each of these narratives Gertrude Stein employs repetition as a principal element in her style; but it is in the middle story, "Melanctha," that the various forms of reduplication in words and sounds are most effectively utilized. For this reason, and also because the heroine Melanctha Herbert is negroid, I have chosen to examine this particular novelette as a revealing illustration of Stein's employment of primitive syntactical devices of narration in the development of a character who is not wholly civilized. Melanctha is not, on the other hand, a primitive aborigine, nor does the story exemplify primitivism—a belief that health and happiness are easiest approached by recreating the conditions of simplified early societies. My use of the word primitive in this article, as a literary method, concerns mainly those technical devices which characterize all art in its beginning stages. The fact that Melanctha has known fewer of the fruits of civilization than either Anna or Lena automatically renders her an appropriate personality for depiction in a language that is akin to primitive poetry.

"Melanctha," Greek for "Dark-flower," was written at a period when Gertrude Stein had become bored with studying brain anatomy in the medical school of The Johns Hopkins University. Earlier at Radcliffe she had learned from William James respect for scientific analysis. Perhaps this literary work, a treatment of primitive psychology, served as an escape from advanced studies, as an antidote to her laboratory labors on the human brain.

According to *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas,* the manuscript was typed by Miss Etta Cone, a distant connection, and then submitted to a literary agent in New York, who was unable to place it. Similarly, Bobbs-Merrill, though at the time briefly interested, finally reported their inability to publish the work. As a result Gertrude Stein made arrangements with the Grafton Press, of New York. She advanced a sum of money of her own, the book being finally published in 1909. This is the inauspicious background of a volume containing the notable account of the Negress Melanctha Herbert. Since its publication in 1909, it has grown steadily in popularity. Editions have appeared from the presses of John Lane, the Boni Brothers, and the Modern Library. In 1946 the Dial Press issued at New York a text for college students called *Great American Short Novels;* and in this book William Phillips, the editor, selected "Melanctha" for inclusion as one of the six most celebrated novelettes produced in the United States. Thus Gertrude Stein's unusual story has begun to achieve a really creditable reputation.

The novelette, whose full title is "Melanctha—Each One As She May," has for its setting Bridgepoint, a name apparently suggested by the real Maryland village of Bridgetown. The central figure is Melanctha Herbert, who is described as half white, although actually her mother is yellow and her father black. There seems to be little plot: Melanctha has a number of colored women friends, in particular Jane Harden, with whom she has erotic relations. She also has a colored gentleman friend

named Dr. Jeff Campbell, but she is unable to return his love by loyal devotion. With the exception of Dr. Campbell, all the characters are underprivileged Negro folk. There are suggestions of sexual perversity; Melanctha is controlled by some generic anxiety; her promiscuous behavior undermines her health and brings about her death. The motto prefixed to *Three Lives* is a quotation from Jules Laforgue about the prevalence of unhappiness in the mind irrespective of the individual himself or of his environment: "Donc je suis un malheureux et ce n'est ni ma faute ni celle de la vie." The statement aptly explains poor Melanctha's deep disquietude.

Gertrude Stein's narrative is winning a high place among the short classics of American prose primarily because its treatment of the Negro is perhaps the best example of a type of primitiveness in contemporary fiction. As a study of primal natures, "Melanctha" is almost wholly preoccupied with the subject of sex, perhaps an inevitable concern for simple people with little else to think about. As for its technical structure, the narrative is written in a rhythmical, repetitious language—a style obviously appropriate for unveiling the unfettered reactions of the dark heroine. The psychological effect resulting from this matching of idea with form is impressive; and Stein's cadenced, echoing style becomes an artistic medium for describing erotic activities. The truly revolutionary aspects of "Melanctha" are even more apparent in the primitiveness of its style than in its subject matter. It is interesting that the lack of confidence in *Three Lives* displayed at first by publishers, even by its printers, the Grafton Press, was their objection, not to its narrative contents, but to its stylistic innovations.

The complete omission of cultural features in the novelette is definite evidence of the primitive. Except for the references to unspecified books read occasionally by Dr. Campbell, Gertrude Stein's work contains no mention of music, literature, or art. Instead, it deals with what may be termed the primal con-

cerns of man and animal alike—that is, with sickness, fighting, and mating. The tone is at a basic level: without the slightest perturbation of shock, the characters admit into the pitch of their living scenes of brutality, such as knife slashing, as though these were customary, even expected actions—a part indeed of their own nature. Melanctha Herbert entertains no respect at all for moral traditions or social conventions. In being unfaithful to Dr. Campbell, she senses no violation of the code for true lovers; she simply complies with a compelling inner urge which she regards as completely natural and entirely without bearing on love true or false. Her unreasoning obedience to this basic instinct is the spontaneous action of a primitive mentality. It is only Dr. Campbell, the physician, who seeks to regulate his life by reason; and in doing so he becomes a misfit among his colored brethren. The criterion of behavior for the others is always instinct, intuition, feeling—the narrow, limited world of the senses.

The existence in aboriginal societies of irregular sex habits has its counterpart in the abnormal departures discussed in Gertrude Stein's novelette. Although Melanctha tended towards bisexuality, it is her wanton promiscuity which causes her to become sick with consumption and to die. The inference may be that a less primordial individual would have observed moderation. What led Melanctha into excesses was that the sexual experience somehow never fully gratified her. As the novelist expresses the idea, "it all had no excitement for her." Gertrude Stein's discussions reflect primitiveness also in the attitude taken towards sex, for the characters are depicted as being like savages, innocently unmoral. There is certainly no attempt on the part of the author to delineate the sexual compulsion as attractive; however, it is never described as ugly and always as natural.

The sex life of this colored girl is difficult to trace with exactness because of the novelist's use of euphemistic expressions.

The uneducated Negro avoids associating the sex act with anything repulsive by the employment of words with pleasant connotation; that is, like the uneducated "genteel," he escapes frontal contact with reality by building up appearances. "Melanctha" is thus a lexicon of euphemisms for sex, such as "trouble," "wandering," "getting excited," "power," "kindness," "wisdom," these words being at times qualified by adjectives like "mysterious" and "uncertain." Some kind of innate decorum may be the foundation of this refusal to discuss sex in any other than pleasant terms or hints. But in "Melanctha" verbosity and indirectness are the characteristic diction whatever the subject. The inability of the speakers to move quickly to a point and to explain this point with briefness may be a characteristic of simple people, whose tendency it is to embellish and enlarge upon the plain truth. As for Melanctha Herbert, "all her life [she] did not know how to tell a story wholly . . . for when it came to what had happened and what she had said and what it was that she had really done, Melanctha never could remember right." No wonder her narration is cloudy, rambling, and chaotic. The overpowering array of euphemisms in "Melanctha" is absent in the two other stories in *Three Lives*. It is therefore good evidence that in her treatment of the Negro, Stein consciously emphasized this element of primitiveness in her style.

Of course repetitive devices constantly occur when the primitive literary technique is adopted. Repetition appears among the methods of the American poet Vachel Lindsay, whose poem "The Congo" depicts the aboriginal Negro in his native African habitat. The most individual characteristic of rudimentary poetry is, indeed, the recurrent refrain—the dominant feature of barbaric battle songs and chants. My friend Professor Arthur K. Moore, of the University of Kentucky, recently gave me a copy of a chant used in an intricate file dance for twentieth-century Papuan performers (from the Biak Islands of Netherlands New Guinea)—where reduplication is the dominant trait:

Wo-ke-ke	Wa-ju-so
Wa-ke-ke	Wai-ja-so
To-bo-po	Om-fo-ri
Wo-ke-ke	Wai-ja-so

It is significant that for the lucidity and brevity of civilized narration, the Negroes in "Melanctha" likewise substitute rhythm and reiteration. The impression so created graphically reveals the poetic bases of primordial thinking. Observe, for example, Gertrude Stein's description of Melanctha when aged eighteen:

And so Melanctha began once more to wander. It was all now for her very different. It was never rougher men now that she talked to, and she did not care much now to know white men of the, for her, very better classes. It was now something realer that Melanctha wanted, something that would move her very deeply, something that would fill her fully with the wisdom that was planted now within her, and that she wanted badly, should really wholly fill her.

Even Dr. Jeff Campbell, far superior in education to his humble colored patients, succumbs, when excited, to an instinctive predilection to repeat himself:

"But I certainly do admire and trust you a whole lot now, Melanctha. I certainly do, for I certainly never did think I was hurting you at all, Melanctha."

At the beginning of his speech Jeff Campbell employs an expansive doublet, a familiar locution in elementary language. He declares: "Good Lord and Jesus Christ, Melanctha!" Also, in his letter replying to "Dear Melanctha," Dr. Campbell resorts to meandering vernacular in his use of an echo word, as follows:

"I certainly don't think you got it all just right in the letter, I just been reading, that you just wrote me. I certainly don't think you are just fair or very understanding. . . ."

One further stylistic device demonstrates Gertrude Stein's artistry with primitive syntax. In the use of adjectives the author

is not content to use two or three; instead, she customarily employs four or more, the achieved result being a type of rhetorical pyramiding. Perhaps the difference in effect may be more clearly perceived if a conventional use of adjectives is first quoted in a passage from Henry James' description of Mrs. Montgomery in "Washington Square": "She was a small, plump, fair woman, with a bright, clear eye, and an extraordinary air of neatness and briskness." Compare this with a passage referring to Melanctha Herbert: "She tended Rose, and she was patient, submissive, soothing, and untiring, while the sullen, childish, cowardly, black Rosie grumbled and fussed and howled and made herself to be an abomination and like a simple beast." The foregoing quotation is not isolated; rhetorical pyramiding is found throughout the narrative. It is a form of rudimentary syntax in representing, as the next catalogue of compounds shows, quite possibly the easiest method of description: Melanctha "was always full with mystery and subtle movements and denials and vague distrusts and complicated disillusions."

Gertrude Stein has relied on syntax rather than dialect to create her realistic impressions of Negro life. By using it she reproduces the actual, rhythmical talk of primitive people. A good illustration of this cadenced speech occurs in what Rose Johnson, a friend, has to say to Melanctha about suicide:

> "I don't see Melanctha why you should talk like you would kill yourself just because you're blue. I'd never kill myself Melanctha just 'cause I was blue. I'd maybe kill somebody else Melanctha 'cause I was blue, but I'd never kill myself. If I ever killed myself Melanctha it'd be by accident, and if I ever killed myself by accident Melanctha, I'd be awful sorry."

Without recourse to folklore, superstition, spirituals, or dialect—the stock-in-trade paraphernalia of the regional writer—the novelist has with her original style limned in full detail the humble background of Melanctha Herbert.

The experimental narrative of Melanctha's tragic frustration has become one of the masterpieces among short American novels. When it first appeared, it was favorably noticed by Carl Van Vechten, Eugene O'Neill, and Sherwood Anderson—all three of whom significantly later wrote on the subject of the American Negro. As an example of superb style, it is truly remarkable how effectively Gertrude Stein has exhibited the vernacular of colored people without once resorting to their dialect. Her lengthy, winding sentences represent the unfolding developments of life itself. Her procedure is so objective that one is aware of the characters, not as a particular race of man, but as a simple, unevolved people. This detached treatment promotes neither sympathy nor disapproval, though it is possible to become immersed in the atmosphere of Melanctha Herbert's own tragedy and to recognize that certain deeply abiding truths exist in her inner life.

"Melanctha" is the longest and the most powerful by far of the three narratives comprising *Three Lives.* Besides, it first introduces Stein's revolutionary technique. Uniquely recreating the thought processes of the characters through reduplicative, rhythmical language, it is not surpassed by her later art, where these poetic devices do not always fit so admirably the nature of her subtler subject matter. Her style is not outdone by the work of any other American novelist writing on the subject before or since its publication. In psychological effect "Melanctha" is superior even to "The Simple Heart" by Flaubert. He wrote his narrative as the second in a collection entitled *Three Tales,* so that it is possible that Stein's impulse to write about a lowly servant girl came from her knowledge of Flaubert's short masterpiece on the life of a French nurse. There is a final good and important reason for remembering Stein's work. Among novels about the American Negro by both white and colored writers, "Melanctha" is a nonpareil in its total lack of race-consciousness.

Keen Rafferty

SEE THE FUNNY PEOPLE

THERE ARE two billion people in the world, and perhaps one hundred and forty-eight million in the United States. Through history, a few thousands here and a few hundred thousands in the world at large have been engaged in the business of leading the millions or at least in thinking about them and trying to understand them—or to manipulate them.

Understanding has come slowly, if at all. Among the few who have really tried to understand, two approaches are mainly discernible: (1) to study people and their ways "objectively," attempting to set up formulas which will explain people; and (2) to court such experience of people that from it develops intuitive comprehension.

Among the former are the scholars, a group of social scientists. Among the latter are the leaders of men, including the politicians, the traders, the publicists. Between the extremes are men who partake of both characters.

Recent years have seen an upsurge of interest in the workings of the people. Demagogues like Hitler and Mussolini and Huey Long spent lifetimes studying men and ways of handling them. Businessmen have developed approaches for selling as much of their product as possible to as many as possible. Henry Luce and others have instituted studies of something called *communications.* Men like Gallup and Roper have developed controlled methods of testing people for what they think, and the campuses' social scientists have busied themselves with endless analyses.

Indeed, among the scholars there has sprung up a number who devote their lives to a field known as public opinion, a new kind of "science" which attempts to probe the mass mind and make sense out of it, and which produces its own propaganda publication, *Public Opinion Quarterly*. Among the very newest and the most engrossing of their products is the 782-page book of Dr. Frederick C. Irion of the University of New Mexico: *Public Opinion and Propaganda.* •

His devotion to the subject results in a product of fascination to one whose relationships with the public have been those of the "instinctive" group,—the group which through experience with and contact with reactions of masses of people hopes to get to know what people may do under changing sets of circumstances or stimuli.

Which side is likely to do better in its comprehension is hard to say flatly. But the more one reads in Irion, the more monumental the pile of data and quotations and information becomes, the more "scientific" and "objective" the approach—then the more wariness develops.

This does not mean that what the scholars are doing is not of interest and value. Irion's book is intellectually stimulating, and it would be hard for the practical journalist or politician to read it without coming out of the experience more thoughtful and less sure of himself.

Nevertheless, that instinctivist is almost certain to have the more wariness from the beginning. When an opening sentence says that "it is the belief of the author that for an understanding of human events in the United States today, an appreciation of the influence of public opinion is perhaps the most important prerequisite," your instinctivist can but be confounded. For public opinion *is* opinion. No other "opinion" has anything like the same order of consequence as that of the people. The degree of public acceptance of the opinions of leaders is the ultimate gauge

• Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1950.

of the importance and validity of those opinions. Public opinion is not molded—it molds; and all the people, including those who think they can mold the masses, spring from the masses and owe everything they have to them.

The business of studying public opinion as a kind of adjunct to the life and actions of mankind is little more than an interesting pastime. Man in general leads men in particular. The few do not manipulate the masses except in flashes of time, unless the masses decide they want them to; the intelligence of all the people, given enough time, is so far superior to that of any student or group that it is almost presumptuous to try to analyze it.

You could get an analogy in the attitude of the truly religious man toward efforts of this or that leader to explain and categorize God. The mass mind bears and uses the wisdom of history and of men in so ultimate a way, so pervasive a fashion, that one person's work with it is puny.

Often brilliant men follow preconceptions of their own intellectual kind in their studies of people. Moreover, they are convinced of their own superiority over people. They look upon people as somehow cheap, venal, stupid, gross, animal. They know that there is something within "superior" men which makes their reasons clearer, their comprehensions quicker than are those of the ordinary individual; and they assume that, because of this obvious individual superiority, they have also a superiority to the masses, and a kind of celestial right to treat them as inferiors.

The politician must think of himself as a servant of the masses. The scholar in public opinion too often cannot, or will not. Despite the fact that in this book there is a genuine high-mindedness, an earnest wish that men could rise above themselves and lead the lives of the gods, there is the constant attitude that nearly everything which people do en masse is wrong.

Here is an effort to summarize some of what Irion thinks:

People do not think for themselves—they respond to the demands of custom. Newspapers set up stereotypes of thinking and action which

are concerned largely with sensationalism and the maintenance of the *status quo*. Radio serves the people but it is cheap. The movies picture a Puritan (i. e., trammelled) American conscience. Pamphlets, the arts, books are better strongholds of freedom than the things the people love in large numbers. The classic "Cinderella and Mother" are strong in the American family and the concepts lead to irrationalities. Churches enhance authority and depreciate reason. The schools, too, use stereotypes to preserve the *status quo*. Business is not interested in man's welfare. Labor's vision is limited, although it may become "dynamic in molding public opinion." Government monopolizes men's thinking in war. Courts are the people's protection against themselves. Our highest values lie in the pursuits of wealth and prestige. The public is willing to have either war or peace. Polls are a major social science invention of our age.

Is there nothing good in the people? Do people never break with custom? Are newspapers interested only in profits? Can not the people have a right to whatever there may be in the movies and the radio to assuage their suffering? Has our puritanism given us no strength to counteract its rigidness?

Could not the lack of popularity of pamphlets, the arts, and books sometimes indicate their defect in not representing people's needs?

I should hate to see a life in which Cinderella and Mother lost all their sentimental value, in which the values set up by churches were always treated as depreciators of reason, in which there were no traditions in the schools, or in which business failed to produce usable things in a society which insists upon using those things.

I should dislike an inhuman labor movement with unlimited vision, I should fear the outcome of a war in which the government did not try to get everyone to participate in some fashion. And this would be a poorer country if no one in it could seek money and prestige.

The public opinionist, who scorns what he calls the people's pattern thinking, appears to have some patterns of his own, some assumptions that may arise from his essential dislike of popular

taste rather than from his essential understanding of people. It is fashionable among these experts to state that comic books, for example, are bad things; and Irion seems to agree.

At least two investigators, Katherine M. Wolf and Marjorie Fiske, have decided that comics are merely *considered* dangerous. They say comic books are actually fairly harmless and may be of considerable benefit for some children who need some kind of such imaginative reading.*

I think, nevertheless, that Dr. Irion's achievement is of a higher order than is found in other books of its kind, or for that matter in most books of an academic nature in other fields.

It is uninterruptedly interesting, it is packed with information and opinion organized so as to keep the reader in a state of excitement and fascination. It is a superb job of organization, animation, and criticism of materials, done with personal honesty and courage. If I have been quarrelsome here, it is not so much with Irion as with the many scholars he quotes who too often seem to me to be motivated by a desire to prove that people are funny. Contemplating the adage, "Both men and women sprang from apes, but women sprang the farthest," the expert in this field is likely to make it read: "Both people and specialists sprang from the people, but the specialists sprang the farthest."

Which would be true for a newspaperman or a man in public life only if it were interpreted to mean that some of the social scientists can appear to be about as far removed from the people as it is possible to get.

* Katherine M. Wolf and Marjorie Fiske, "The Children Talk about Comics," in Communications Research, 1948-1949; edited by Paul F. Lazarsfeld, professor of sociology, Columbia University, and Frank N. Stanton, president, Columbia Broadcasting System. Harper & Brothers, 1949. Comics, they discovered, satisfy a real developmental need in normal children and are harmful only for children who are already maladjusted and susceptible to harm. They add: "Why comics *are considered* dangerous and whether their influence could be more nearly universally beneficial are but two of the main questions which, by settling more basic questions, this study leaves to future investigators." There is reason to suspect that actually no further investigations are necessary; that comics are *considered* harmful because a few typed intellectuals have decided they are.

BOOKS and COMMENT

T. M. Pearce

CONRAD RICHTER

MY COMPLAINT over some of the tremendous tomes which have been produced by modern novelists is that few of the heroes or heroines have been worth the amount of reader time they have consumed. The authors have worked hard to provide reader interest (and have frequently succeeded) but the art of arousing interest and the art of re-creating a way of life in a past forgotten day are not the same thing. Few of these modern literary behemoths of history and romance have yielded the end product I demand in fiction, which is to bring me the philosophy of an age, the moral and ethical pattern in the period, the motivation and incentives for people to live as they did. When one carries away from a book the knowledge of why people worked to build the civilization of their era, what goals they set (over and above the need for procreation and self-preservation), what ideals were in their minds, what incentives lay in their hearts—then as a reader he feels rewarded. Some of the same substance that shapes our daily thinking and acting lies in that book. As literature the book becomes one with living; in fact, it may be more real than living itself.

Conrad Richter has been ten years writing three books which deal with pioneer America. The latest is *The Town*,* published in March of the present year. *The Trees* appeared in the spring of

* Alfred A. Knopf, 1950.

1940. *The Fields* appeared in 1945. Three other short novels were written by the same author in this decade, but never did he forget the Pennsylvania-Ohio scene of the Luckett and Wheeler families, typical of the people who were clearing a wilderness there in the eighteenth century and laying the foundations of contemporary America. Worth and Jary Luckett, in *The Trees,* are the forerunners of the clan: woods-folk, hunting-folk, cabin builders. Chauncey Wheeler, in *The Town* is the latest and ripest fruit of the vine: city-bred, school-taught, radical champion of lost causes. Linking the pioneer to the parlor pink is Sayward ("Saird") Luckett Wheeler, the staunch daughter who raised the younger Lucketts after their mother had died and their father had abandoned them all, and who stood by the renegade New England aristocrat who married her, guided him to his career as a judge, brought up their children, one son to be governor, a daughter to be titled Englishwoman. The story of *The Town* is the story of Sayward Wheeler, but so is the story of the two novels which were *The Town's* predecessors.

Although the books form a trilogy, each is complete in itself. Reading any one of them is likely to send the reader off to read the other two, but that is the highest tribute to each. I believe *The Town* is the finest of three fine achievements, for it brings to the reader the gist of Conrad Richter's meaning in writing the other books. Sayward Wheeler has seen the mother, Jary, die in the dark woods of Ohio. With her husband she has cleared a space for farming, and made the earth productive. She has lost one sister to the Indians, one brother to the frontier, and has built the rest of her family into the fabric which makes a city. Her youngest and favorite child repudiates her, as reactionary and cloddish. Yet she never releases him from the strength of her affection nor from the support which her material means can give him. To all—to her unfaithful husband, her undutiful children, her patronizing kin—she remains loyal, tolerant and kindly, appraising each in her own terms of value, which have been fairly constant from her

youth, but which are not incapable of change, as witness her attitude toward the trees. She grew up hating them because they shut out the sun and were jealous of the earth men wanted to plow. Before Saird dies, she looks upon the trees as one with herself, something that grips the earth, shelters, houses, and nourishes. She replants trees in the square where once she had helped to clear them away.

It is clear that Mr. Richter intends Saird Wheeler to serve as a symbol of the main stream of American life. Her quiet, steady strength, her conservative thrift and her practical common sense, her sane religious faith, her loyalty to her family even when the cost was cruel—these sum up the virtues of the aristocratic middle class of America, unabashed by more elite cultures but not impervious to their values. Saird does move with the times, but deep down she remains the unpretentious shrewd soul she was as a child. I believe Conrad Richter's trilogy is his greatest achievement, and *The Town* the most engrossing of the three novels. In the light of two of his other notable works, *The Sea of Grass* and *The Free Man,* this is high praise indeed.

Edward F. Castetter

PIMA ETHNOBOTANY

BY WAY OF explanation of the deceptive title—*By the Prophet of the Earth**—it should be pointed out that this book is a miscellaneous topical treatise on Pima ethnobotany, arts and industries, games, legends and beliefs. The work purports to be a treatise on ethnobotany but actually only sixty-

* L. S. M. Curtin, *By The Prophet of the Earth,* San Vicente Foundation, Inc. Santa Fe, 1949. (A note on the San Vicente Foundation was given in our Winter, 1949, issue.)

three of the one hundred fifty-eight pages are devoted directly to this subject. One cannot refrain from wishing that the author, in this book, had confined her efforts exclusively to Pima ethnobotany, strengthening them by a much more complete coverage of the historical data, and had reserved the other unrelated sections of the work for a separate treatise.

Pima and Papago speak the same language with but slight variations. They are combined under a single name, The People, differentiating themselves as Desert People (Papago) and River People (Pima), and it was not until after the mission period that those changes were initiated which resulted in the formal separation of Papago from Pima. Because of their isolation, the Papago, originally far less numerous than the Pima to the north and east, survived numerically and culturally to a much greater degree than did the latter. Dwelling in a barren, inaccessible and inhospitable country, the Papago remained relatively isolated and have retained intact to the present most of their aboriginal culture. Hence it is still easy to find many old Papago informants who can report conditions as they were at the middle of the last century.

The Pima situation is quite different. Beginning in 1825-26 with the entrance of the Patties, followed by two military expeditions along the Gila in the 1840's and the gold rush days in 1849, the Gila Pima were subjected to increasingly intensive white influence. The result has been that, since 1840, Pima history has been one of pronounced cultural decadence. Dependable old Pima informants, therefore, are not numerous and it is to Mrs. Curtin's distinct credit that she has been able to recover so large a store of ancient ethnobotanical knowledge.

Mrs. Curtin spent four seasons among the Pima, and during this time she came into close personal contact with these Indians in the field and observed directly the subjects on which she reports. As a result, her data are painstakingly gathered and accurately recorded. This applies even to the presentation of botanical

names and information, in which she had the assistance of a capable botanist, R. H. Peebles. Fortunately, too, not only the botanical but the common and the native name is given for each plant. The book also contains a bibliography and a good, workable index. It is an excellent job of beautiful bookmaking with fine format, styling and design; and it is written in a warm, catching style.

Although other investigators have from time to time published more or less miscellaneous ethnobotanical data on the Pima, the author has brought together under one cover a somewhat detailed, although topical, treatment of Pima ethnobotany. In all she discusses approximately eighty plants from the point of view of such assorted uses as food and medicine.

In reading the book, one gets the impression that the investigation, in its inception lacked a unified purpose and a well-defined objective. This is shown in the amount of detailed discussion devoted, in a chatty, discursive manner, to the eighteen-page section on informants and the inclusion of wholly unrelated sections and topics.

Despite the fact that the book is an excellent contribution to the field of ethnobotany, it would have performed a much greater service if certain extensions had been made. One wonders, for example, why the harvesting and utilization of wheat should have been discussed in detail, pumpkins and gourds very briefly, and such important crops as maize, teparies, tobacco and cotton completely ignored. The author also makes the common mistake of consistently failing to give any evaluation of specific wild food plants in terms of importance in native economy. For example, mesquite is discussed in some detail in its variety of uses, yet one looks in vain for any ranking in Pima subsistence of this extremely important food plant, or any of the other plants discussed. Moreover, it is very unfortunate that no attempt has been made to draw a line of demarcation between aboriginal and historic uses of plants.

Paul Walter, Jr.

SCIENCE AND THE EXTRA-SOMATIC CONTINUUM

AT A TIME when so much is being said about the necessity of cutting through barriers that separate the existing sciences of man in their academic setting, it is a little difficult to know what to do with a serious proposal that a new and distinct social science is needed. This suggestion is the basis of a new book by Dr. Leslie A. White,* chairman of the anthropolgy department in the University of Michigan, and it makes the book of more than passing concern to social scientists and those others who watch expectantly from the sidelines for the revolutionary developments which will make the social sciences the open sesame to man's long-delayed Utopian Future.

Dr. White wants a science of culture, to be called Culturology. Neither the idea nor the name is original with him, as he acknowledges. The name was coined about seventy-five years ago by E. B. Tylor, noted British anthropologist, and recently has gained some popularization through the writings of Robert H. Lowie and other American anthropologists. The idea of the new science has had some discussion in recent meetings of both anthropologists and sociologists, many of whom share Dr. White's idea that here is the obvious means of gaining more rapidly and efficiently a systematic understanding of the cultural forces in human life.

In a recent catchall review of the new flood of books on general sociology, Floyd N. House observed that they have in common principally their use of and emphasis on the "cultural approach." And cultural anthropology, with the same emphasis, has long

* *The Science of Culture: A Study of Man and Civilization*, Farrar, Straus and Company, 1949.

dominated anthropology. Dr. White, however, insists that the study of culture is not properly the task of either the anthropologist or the sociologist. For it to be done properly, culture must be separated from societal concepts and treated as though it had an existence quite apart from human beings. Culture, as ". . . the extra-somatic continuum of symbol-borne events, is not the same thing at all as a class of reactions of human organisms considered individually or collectively; . . . the interaction of cultural elements is not the same thing as the reactions, or interactions, of human organisms."

The whole book develops this theme: what is needed is a new and more restricted science to concentrate upon the study of culture. In this it contrasts with the recent writings of some anthropologists who claim that anthropology is *the* social science capable of giving us an understanding of human life for the very reason that it is a catholic science, using several approaches—the physical, the historical, the social, as well as the cultural; and it contrasts with the now outmoded view of pioneer sociologists who held that theirs was the supersocial science destined to displace and absorb the more particularistic sciences such as history, economics, and political science. It contrasts as well with the movement taking various forms in colleges and universities in the direction of interdisciplinary approaches to the study of social and cultural phenomena—the survey course, the American Studies program at the graduate level, the interfield departmental experiments like that at Harvard where anthropologists, sociologists and psychologists join forces in an instructional program, and such developments in research as the area study which combines the talents of experts from various fields in the analysis of a given locality.

Yet both impulses of this ambivalent trend stem from the same source—a deep-seated feeling among many social scientists that they are not doing their job well enough; this, combined with the inviting notion that there is somewhere a neat and easy solution

such as setting up a new science, the combining of existing social sciences, or the exaltation of one social science over the others.

This deep-seated feeling is, in many cases, something quite different from the rational self-criticism which is a part of the growth process of any science. It often contains in it a strong nonrational emotional element which is obvious in the tone of the writings and discussions in which it is expressed. It may be explained in part by the tendency of the social sciences to attract many students who are temperamentally unfitted for scientific pursuits, but who are primarily interested in "causes" and human uplift, who are "interested in people" not from intellectual curiosity but from sentimentality. Such persons, in later professional years, find the tedious pursuit of verifiable knowledge frustrating, just as they probably would find work in the physical laboratory unexciting. Their own frustrations then become generalized to the social sciences and are expressed as impatience with the plodding pedestrianism of scientific method.

Dr. White is unhappy with his own science—anthropology.

Measured by this yardstick, anthropology has retrogressed considerably, especially since 1930. Science attained the culturological level in anthropology. This is anthropology's distinctive achievement and mission: to formulate and develop a science of culture. Tylor and Durkheim formulated such a science. Kroeber, Lowie, Wissler, and others have carried it forward. But many students bearing the professional label of "anthropologist" have been unable to ascend to the culturological level and grasp the concept of a supra-psychological science of cultural phenomena.

He is unhappy with sociology, a field of which he seems to know a great deal.

Thus we see that sociologists think of culture as behavior, as social process or interaction, as a factor in human behavior, or as a byproduct of human behavior. But they seldom, if ever, rise to the level of viewing culture as a distinct and separate class of supra-psychological, supra-social phenomena; as a process *sui generis* with its own laws.

Yet, two pages later, he quotes with unstinted approval Tylor's definition of culture as ". . . that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, laws, custom, and other capabilities and habits *acquired by man as a member of society* [italics mine]."

It is on the apparent failures of anthropology and sociology to "ascend" sufficiently in their viewpoints that Dr. White proposes to erect a new science, to do the job better. It will deal not with a distinctive subject matter but with one which already is a preoccupation of social scientists; but it will deal with that same subject matter *as though it were distinctive.* It will provide a different frame of reference, from which will be excluded such substantial realities as flesh and blood human beings and their behavior. This frame of reference, as Dr. White indicates, is not a new one, but is one rather that has been used and tested in past stages of anthropological and sociological development, and rejected by them as "mysticism." It is at that point of rejection, says Dr. White, that present social sciences began to retrogress.

Most social scientists of today would be inclined to see the matter differently. In their view, it was at the point where they began to dispose of the mystical disembodied concepts such as the group mind, national spirit, and purely abstract culture that they opened the way for scientific development in their various fields. As the social scientists R. T. LaPiere and Paul Farnsworth write in their *Social Psychology* (3rd ed., 1949):

> It is now evident, although long overlooked, that there can be no group life apart from the individual human beings whose coming together forms the group. It is now also evident that there can be no individual human being apart from the groups in which and through which he lives. There could be no pattern of family life if it were not for the existence of actual Mr. and Mrs. Smiths and their sons and daughters. . . .

This paragraph is not describing the retrogression of the social sciences, but pointing out what its authors consider a mark of

progress in the efforts of social scientists to master the material with which they work.

Getting down to solid earth may not be very exciting, but it is scientific. It is doubtful if a return to mysticism is going to be an answer to anything except, perhaps, the personal frustrations of those who are attracted to it.

Nor does Dr. White seem particularly attracted to as completely a disembodied culture as he proclaims. Most of his book is sound, and should be very readable to those who know little of anthropology or sociology. In fact, the book deals with much that is taught in every introductory sociology course.

Cumulative Index --- Back Volumes

Work on the Cumulative Index (Vols. I-XIX, 1931-1949), previously announced, is progressing. We expect to have it ready for distribution some time soon. Because of its bulk, the Index will be published separately, but using the same paper and size of the Quarterly, so that it may be bound in. Copies will be mailed free of charge *only to subscribers, and on request.*

Back issues of the Quarterly are now available except: Vol. II, No. 1 (1932); Vol. III, Nos. 1, 2, 4 (1933); Vol. IV, No. 1 (1934); and Vol. XIII, Nos. 1, 2 and 4 (1943). Single issues: $1.00. In orders of four or more: 75 cents net, each, postpaid, insured. *See announcement elsewhere in this issue in regard to the out-of-print issues.* The price of the the eight rare issues therein listed will, however, be the same as that given above. The Quarterly is willing to stand a loss on these issues in order to supply them to libraries and collectors.

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Genevieve Porterfield

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XXXIV

THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, the School of Inter-American Affairs, the Department of Sociology, and the *New Mexico Quarterly,* attempts to list, with such thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, and parts of Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada and California.

The symbol (F) designates fiction; (J) is used to indicate materials on the juvenile level.

In order to conserve space and avoid needless repetition, recurring items of a general nature will be listed only once a year, and for the same reason items from periodicals that are indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature,* the *Education Index,* and the *International Index* have been eliminated.

Included in this issue are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between March 1 and June 1, 1950.

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NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO BOX 85 ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

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the gourd montage we are reproducing.

At present Mr. Baumann is doing the illustrations for Hank and Dot Kelly's *Dancing Diplomats*, to be released by UNM Press this fall.

Mr. Baumann to the Editor: "All art, even self-expression, derives from somewhere. Thus, for illustrative content, the present issue of the Quarterly is no exception. To me, the Hartley Burr Alexander article based on Indian mythology is the key for the decorative pattern followed throughout. Just how well I succeeded in adapting significant symbolisms to the excellent typographical make-up of the Quarterly, I don't know. Maybe, next year or the year after a more detached appraisal will be possible."

Baumann's critic, VINCENT GAROFFOLO, born in Meriden, Conn., in 1912, spent his boyhood in New York and New Jersey, and came to New Mexico in 1934, where he has lived off and on since. He received the B.A. and M.A. from UNM, and is entering Cornell University this fall to work for a Ph.D. at the Sage School of Philosophy. He will specialize in aesthetics. For several years he worked with federal agencies as research analyst and administrative technician in rehabilitation and resettlement programs, and during the war he served in the Medical Corps. But Mr. Garoffolo's interest in art is of long standing. For two years and a half he was director of the Guadalupe Art Gallery at Albuquerque, and during the summer sessions of 1949 and 1950 taught contemporary art at UNM. Since 1935 he has contributed fiction, criticism and reviews to *NMQ*.

POET SIGNATURE, VII. PHILIP MURRAY, born in Philadelphia in 1924, was educated by nuns, Christian Brothers, and Jesuit Fathers, and was graduated from St. Joseph's College in Overbrook, Pa., in 1947. He prepared himself for a literary career, concentrating on poetry; and since his first professional contribution to *Harper's* in 1946, he has published verse in a score of magazines. His poetry has appeared three times before in our Quarterly. At present Mr. Murray is doing newspaper work in Philadelphia. He writes: "I have indulged in . . . the sonnet, perhaps the most felicitous of all forms in English. The emphasis is deliberately on emotion; and the aim is at richness and complexity of thought and expression on as many levels as possible simultaneously, making full use of our classical heritage to create from these universal and timeless roots the contemporary myths necessary for aesthetic survival. . . . Modern poetry is . . . healthy and reasonably prosperous. But its greatest defect is the excessive and almost obsessive preoccupation of the poets and professors with criticism and theory. Many of them are in danger of theorizing themselves into

silence or, what is even worse, into prose."

ARTICLES. LINCOLN LAPAZ, Ph.D. Chicago, 1928, writes with authority in his article "Meteoritics in the Southwest." Since 1945 he has been head of the department of mathematics and astronomy, and Director of the Institute of Meteoritics at UNM. Before coming to New Mexico he had taught at Fairmont College, Harvard, Dartmouth and Ohio State University. His appointments outside the academic field comprise Research Mathematician with the Office of Science Research and Development, 1943-44; Technical Director, Operations Analysis Section, Headquarters, 2nd Air Force, 1944-45; President of the Meteoritical Society, 1941-46; and consultant for Research and Development Board, National Military Establishment, and other agencies. Mr. LaPaz is author, with R. D. Carmichael and J. H. Weaver, of *The Calculus*, 1938; and he has contributed articles on mathematics and astronomy to American and European journals.

The late HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER (1873-1939) is one of the noble figures in the history of American academic life. A man of vast knowledge, and what is more important, of penetrating critical power and understanding of life, he published a score of books in which one finds the seeds of that humanistic philosophy which endeared him to generations of students and colleagues at the University of Nebraska (1908-1927) and Scripps College (1927-1939). Nothing that touched men was foreign to him. He loved words (he was an editor and contributor for the *New International Encyclopedia* and the Webster dictionaries) — what they meant per se and translated into action. His spirit was behind significant enterprises. The capitol in Lincoln, for instance, would not have been so beautiful had not Hartley Alexander been instrumental in the planning of it.

At his death Dr. Alexander left a number of manuscripts, one of which, *The Great Mysteries of the North American Indian*, contains pages that should not be forgotten. With the permission of his son, Hubert G. Alexander, professor of philosophy at UNM, we are printing an excerpt from this book. In forthcoming issues we hope to publish others.

"Chess" is intended as a chapter of a book of essays to be titled *Confessions of a Young Jew*. Other chapters have been published elsewhere. MILTON HINDUS, a New Yorker, 34 years old, has been associated with Hunter College, the New School of Social Research, and the University of Chicago. At present he is a teacher of the Humanities and Chairman of the Adult Education Committee at Brandeis University. The Brandeis Institute of Adult Education, inaugurated in the spring of 1949, has one of the most brilliant arrays of lecturers ever assembled in this country. Mr. Hindus has contributed poems to the Columbia anthology (1939), essays and reviews to *Hudson Review, New Republic, New Leader, Commentary, Comparative Literature, Poetry*

(Chicago), *Atlantic Monthly*, *New York Herald Tribune*, and *New York Times*. In 1945 Putnam published his translation of Sholem Asch's *One Destiny*. He wrote the introduction to Celine's *Death on the Installment Plan*, New Directions, 1947. *The Crippled Giant*, dealing with Céline, was released by Boar's Head Books last January.

HALDEEN BRADDY, professor of English at Texas Western College, El Paso, was review editor of *Journal of American Folklore*, 1945, and has published articles on Chaucer, language, and folklore in learned periodicals. He has contributed poetry to little reviews, and completed recently a critical biography of Edgar Allan Poe. The Quarterly published in its Autumn, 1949, issue his essay-review "Poe the Peacock."

KEEN RAFFERTY, Head of the Department of Journalism, UNM, takes issue with some of the social scientists in "See the Funny People." Mr. Rafferty, a native of Illinois, did newspaper work as reporter and editor from 1925 to 1938. For eleven years he was an assistant editor of the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. He has published many editorials and articles. "The Reporter as an Artist" has just appeared in the Nieman Reports, Harvard.

STORIES. Among the short story writers of this decade, SHIRLEY JACKSON, 30, is one of the most notable. Her fiction has appeared in a variety of magazines and has been reprinted in anthologies. For a brief period she taught fiction writing at Bennington College. She contributes book reviews regularly to the *New York Times;* she has published a novel, *The Road Through the Wall*, 1948, and a volume of short stories, *The Lottery*, 1949. "The Island," handsomely written, is a good example of her art.

"Hungry Morning," by ALVARO DE SILVA, is a finely carved "slice of life" from Chile, birthplace of the author. Mr. de Silva was Far Eastern correspondent for *El Mercurio* of Santiago de Chile, and has travelled and studied in several European countries. Since making his home in the United States he has published short stories in *Scribner's*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Tomorrow*, *La Nación* and *Sur* of Buenos Aires, and *Vamos Ler* of Rio de Janeiro.

NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS. HAROLD V. WITT, born in 1923 at Santa Ana, Calif., received in 1947 an M.A. in creative writing from the University of Michigan, where he won a major Jule and Avery Hopwood award for poetry. Since the publication in 1944 of a story in *Accent*, another story and some thirty poems of his have appeared in the little reviews. He was included in the anthology *Poetry Awards, 1949*. Mr. Witt's poems have been published twice before in our Quarterly. He works in the University of California Library.

MILES WHITE, Kansas City, Mo., was the author of "Poet Signature, II," in *NMQR*, Autumn, 1949; another of his poems appeared in our Spring, 1950, issue.

WITTER BYNNER, the well-known Santa Fe poet, needs no introduction to our readers. In this new period of the Quarterly he has contributed an essay to *Alice Corbin: An Appreciation*, Spring, 1949, and a poem Spring, 1950. At present Mr. Bynner is working on a book on D. H. Lawrence.

JESS H. CLOUD, born in 1917 in New York City, started writing poetry 18 years ago and has been published widely in the literary reviews—twice before in our Quarterly. He is copy chief of an advertising agency.

CHARLES ANGOFF, born in Minsk, Russia, in 1902, came to the United States when six years old and was educated at the Boston public schools and at Harvard. He has been associated with *The American Mercury* off and on since 1925, and is now its managing editor. This fall Beechhurst Press will publish the first volume of a trilogy in progress. Martha Foley is reprinting the first chapter, "Where Did Yesterday Go," in her *Best American Short Stories, 1950*.

DAVID IGNATOW, 36 years old, lives in New York. Since 1947 he has contributed poetry to various magazines. Our Quarterly published another of his poems in Spring, 1950, along with a biographical sketch.

BOOKS AND COMMENT. T. M. PEARCE, Ph.D. Pittsburgh, 1930, founder and first editor of *NMQR*, is head of the department of English at UNM. The UNM Press published last June his latest book (with Mabel Major) *Signature of the Sun, Southwest Verse, 1900-1950*.

EDWARD F. CASTETTER, Ph.D. Iowa State College, 1924, has been connected with UNM since 1928 as professor and head of the department of biology. Last year he was appointed Dean of the Graduate School. He is the author of a number of monographs on botany, and more particularly on the ethnobotany of the American Southwest. With Willis H. Bell he published in 1942 *Pima and Papago Indian Agriculture*, UNM Press. *Primitive Indian Subsistence on the Lower Colorado and Middle Gila Rivers* is to appear early in 1951.

PAUL WALTER, JR., is head of the sociology department at UNM. His latest book is *The Social Sciences. A Problem Approach*, 1949. Another, *Race and Cultural Relations*, will be published in 1951.

"A Guide to the Literature of the Southwest," much enriched since our Spring, 1950, issue, with the listing of theses and other material not systematically given before, is in the charge of GENEVIEVE PORTERFIELD, reference librarian at UNM. Readers are urged to call our attention to any item, within the plan of inclusion, which may have been overlooked.

MURAL COMPETITION. The Philbrook Art Center of Tulsa is conducting an art competition for the First National Bank of Tulsa to select an artist to do a huge mural (11 feet deep and 70 feet wide) in the future bank building. Eight prominent art museums from every section of the country nominated twenty candidates. The sponsors

hope that the mural will in some way express the spirit of the region.

A selection committee invited each artist to submit one or more of his paintings done within the last five years, photographs of any murals he may have painted, and a description of his ideas for the proposed mural. The competition then narrowed down to four finalists who have been requested to submit a minimum of two sketches on the specific project. Each artist will be paid $1,500 for his sketches. These will be hung at the Philbrook Art Center for two weeks, during which the public will be invited to cast votes for the work it believes most suitable. Final selection of the winner will be made by the joint votes of the selection committee and a representative of the popular choice. The artist chosen will receive a commission of $25,000 to paint the mural.

Among the Southwestern artists nominated were Howard Cook (our Guest Artist, V, Spring 1950), Ranchos de Taos, N. M.; Hilaire Hiler, Santa Fe, N. M.; Peter Hurd, San Patricio, N. M.; Tom Lea, El Paso, Tex.; and William Sanderson, Clarence Van Duzer, and Vance Kirkland, of Boulder, Colo. The four finalists appointed last May are Fred Conway, Webster Groves, Mo.; Anton Refregier, Woodstock, N. Y.; Clarence Van Duzer, Boulder, Colo.; and Peter Hurd, San Patricio, N. M. (to be our Guest Artist, Winter 1949-1950 issue). All finalists have been invited to visit Tulsa at the bank's expense in preparation for their sketches. These must be finished by mid-September.

SOUTHWEST COUNCIL ON EDUCATION OF SPANISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE. Summaries of the proceedings of the Fourth Regional Conference held in Albuquerque, January 23-25, 1950, have been published by the University of Texas in mimeographed form, as follows: I. "Let Us Look at Ourselves," by Stewart C. Cole, Executive Director, Pacific Coast Council of Intercultural Education, Los Angeles; II. "The Social History of Spanish-Speaking People in Southwestern United States Since 1846," by Lyle Saunders, Department of Sociology, UNM; III. "Mexican-United States Labor Relations and Problems," by Ernesto Galarza, Director of Research and Education, National Farm Labor Union; IV. "The Default of Leadership," by George I. Sánchez, University of Texas; V. "The Spanish-Speaking People of Arizona," by Grady Gammage, President, Arizona State College, Tempe; VI. "Discrimination in New Mexico," by R. L. Chambers, Journalist, Santa Fe; and VII. "The Application of Guidance Principles to the Acculturation of the Spanish-Speaking People," by J. P. Buchanan, Director of Guidance and Counseling, Vallejo Unified School District, Calif.

FOLKLORE. The Committee of the New Mexico Folklore Society in charge of the "New Mex-

ico Place Name Directory" issued two reports at the third and fourth annual meetings of the Society, May 1949 (30 pages), and May 1950 (32 pages). Because of the tri-cultural nature of the State, there is much of interest in the entries.

Volume IV, 1949-1950, of *New Mexico Folklore Record*, UNM Press, 1950, $1, has also appeared. It contains articles, illustrations, a bibliography, and a color reproduction of a "Navajo Cloud House Sandpainting" from the J. Franc Newcomb collection. In limited editions, these records will likely become collector's items. T. M. Pearce is Editor.

Rubén Cobos, Department of Modern Languages, UNM, has been publishing weekly articles on regional Spanish folklore since October 1949 in *El Nuevo Mexicano*, Santa Fe. This series, which features original materials collected in the field by Mr. Cobos, is a valuable contribution to the cultural history of the Hispanic Southwest.

HOWARD COOK. Howard Cook has been appointed to serve on both the regional and national juries of selection for the Metropolitan Museum of Art's forthcoming national competitive exhibition, "American Painting Today 1950." The regional jury for the Southwest which will screen the entries, consists of Jerry Bywater and Everet Spruce for Texas, William Harold Smith for Oklahoma, and Howard Cook for New Mexico. In the national jury of selection are Francis Chapin, Lamar Dodd, Robert Beverly Hale, Ogden Pleissner, Zoltan Sepeshy, Millard Sheets, Maurice Sterne, Esther Williams, and Howard Cook.

NEW MEXICO JOURNALISM. The progress made by New Mexico journalism deserves notice. Only a few years ago New Mexico was classified—with few exceptions—among the "undeveloped" areas. It is quite different now. Publishers and editors are vying for recognition.

On August 8 the daily *Gallup Independent* put out a 70-page edition dedicated to the 29th Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial. It is a valuable collection of articles, editorials and pictures of the Indian world around Gallup. Descriptions and interpretations of the dances, arts and crafts, missions, trading posts and Indian life in general are given, together with a comprehensive picture of the national parks, monuments, film industry and other aspects of the region.

Publisher A. W. Barnes and General Manager M. L. Woodard gathered a competent array of contributors: Cy House, Ed Gold, Joe Lawler, Bertha Dutton, Maria Chabot, Grace Adams, Odd S. Halseth, Bobby Oneal, Merle Shover, Harold J. Brodrick, Irving McNeil, Jr., Robert H. Rose, Irving D. Townsend and Everett W. Bright.

Another journalistic achievement is the special edition on August 10 of the weekly *Silver City Enterprise* in observance of the Grant County Con-

servation Week. Editorials and feature articles by Lou Blachly, Charles Michaels, Ward Ballmer, Edwin A. Tucker, and Lowell C. Like stressed the need of preserving our natural resources. Publishers Wm. H. Mullane and Paul Wright and Editor Robert M. Ingraham should be congratulated upon this important civic service.

MIGRATORY LABOR. The President's Commission on Migratory Labor held hearings from July 31 to August 18, 1950, at Brownsville, El Paso, Phoenix, Los Angeles, and Fort Collins. The Commission inquires into and makes recommendations concerning (a) illegal immigration of foreign workers, (b) agricultural labor needs and ways of meeting them with domestic and foreign workers, (c) social, economic, health, and educational conditions among alien and domestic migratory workers, (d) the amelioration of those conditions. The Commission will report its studies to the President by December 15, 1950; and it is to be hoped that something positive will be accomplished. This region is facing an acute problem: the illegal entry of Mexicans willing to work for substandard wages is endangering the security of American citizens of Mexican descent. For a forceful presentation of the plea of the migratory workers of Mexican descent, see an article "His Name Is Gonzales," by Reverend Theodore J. Radtke, in *National Catholic Magazine* for July and for August, 1950. Father Radtke is Executive Secretary of the Bishops' Committee for the Spanish Speaking at the Regional Office in Corpus Christi, Tex.

OPERA. Mozart's *The Magic Flute* was presented four times (July 26-29, 1950) in the Little Theatre of Albuquerque by the Opera Workshop of the Department of Music of UNM, as part of its Summer Session program. The large cast, led by Sherman E. Smith, Mitzi Reed, Douglas Lawrence, Patricia Dickson, Don Michael, Jean Crandal, Lois Cox, Leo Romero, Mary Schoenfeld, Jane Snow, and Charlotte Warren, performed brilliantly. James O'Connor, as technical director, supervised the staging. Robert Korst, formerly head of the opera department at the Cincinnati College of Music, was general music and stage director, ably assisted by Jane Snow. The production was by no means a one-summer affair. Mr. Korst and Miss Snow, with the zeal of perfectionists, trained many of the members of the cast for practically a whole year—since the opera was chosen in the summer of 1949 after a successful workshop presentation of scenes from Bizet's *Carmen*.

NEW MEXICO CRAFTS SHOW. With more than 300 entries on display, the Second Annual New Mexico Crafts Show, under the sponsorship of the New Mexico Alliance for the Arts was held from July 29 to August 12 at the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fe. Silverwork,

woodwork, ceramics, fashion design, leather work, wood carving, copper work, needlecraft, hand blocking and printing were represented. With the admixture of three cultures, these displays of the skill of our artisans are a memorable experience, perhaps not equalled anywhere in the country.

ALL ALBUQUERQUE ARTISTS EXHIBITION. The first All Albuquerque Artists Exhibition was held very successfully from May 26 to July 5, 1950, "to indicate the scope of painting . . . , the number of artists working in the Albuquerque area, and the interest of the people in art." With indoor and outdoor shows in four different places on or near the Old Town Plaza—La Placita Restaurant, La Cocina Restaurant, Carmen Espinosa's Shop, and J. R. Willis' La Miradora—179 works representing 71 artists were exhibited, besides others in the Plaza Gallery.

Sponsors were the Old Albuquerque Historical Society, New Mexico Art League, Sandia Art League, Albuquerque Professional Women Artists, Albuquerque Branch of American Pen Women, and Alumni Group of Delta Phi Delta. The executive committee was composed of Dorothea Fricke Whitcraft, chairman, Carmen Espinosa, and Morris Knight; ten other citizens volunteered their work for the Hostess and Hanging committees; and twelve business concerns were patrons.

An attractive 32-page catalog has a pictorial map of the exhibition grounds by Darrell Burchfield, and 10 full-page half-tone reproductions of some of the paintings on display. The organizers and artists hope that the exhibition will be an annual event and that soon a suitable art gallery will be built in Old Town.

SANTA FE FIESTA. To commemorate the reconquest of the city by General don Diego de Vargas in 1692, every year Santa Fe puts on a unique show. This year, to the 238-year-old Fiesta (September 1-4), was added the centennial celebration of the consecration of Bishop John Baptist Lamy, the French-born Catholic priest who later became the first Archbishop of Santa Fe. A sensitive portrait of this illustrious prelate was given by Willa Cather in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. After a solemn procession, a pontifical high mass was held at the Cathedral built by Archbishop Lamy, with Archbishop José Gabiri Rivera of Guadalajara, Mexico, officiating, and Cardinal Samuel Stritch of Chicago delivering the sermon; and ground was broken for the Lamy Memorial Church of St. John the Baptist, to be used as the St. Michael's College church by the Christian Brothers who were brought to Santa Fe in 1859.

Other religious observances were the Vespers and service at St. Francis Cathedral honoring the Franciscan Fathers sacrificed in the Indian Rebellion of 1680; the candlelight procession, where hundreds walk to the Cross of the Martyrs atop a hill overlooking the city; and the benediction

in front of the Cathedral by the Most Reverend Edwin V. Byrne, Archbishop of Santa Fe; the benediction marked the closing of the Fiesta.

Santa Fe is a spectacular town in these four days of revelry. First, there is the burning of Zozobra, "Gloom" (the name given by the late Dana Johnson, editor of the *Santa Fe New Mexican),* to dispel worry and prepare people to enter Fiesta in the proper spirit. All the church bells ring joyously. Throngs go to the slope of Fort Marcy Park to watch the 200 feet of oil impregnated weeds burn the 40-foot figure of Zozobra. For twenty-six years Zozobra has been the creation of Will Shuster, renowned painter and writer, a man of rare humor and geniality. Zozobra, twenty feet high and motionless in 1924, now moves "his eyes, jaw, head and arms in ponderous, threatening gestures; he moans, groans, howls; he has a family of 'little glooms' played by fifty Cub Scouts who march to funeral music and kowtow to the 'great gloomy one.'" The "little glooms" are frightened away by the Spirit of Fiesta (portrayed this year by Jacques Cartier) who dances and finally hurls torches setting off the flames that destroy Zozobra to the accompaniment of fireworks. "Shus," as Will Shuster is affectionately called, has put his foot down on attempts to charge admission. "Fiesta is for the poor as well as the rich," he says.

After the demise of Zozobra, Santa Fe dedicates itself to frolicking. The historic Plaza is surrounded by colorful booths selling all kinds of delicacies; everywhere one sees Spanish costumes and hears the tunes of guitar and accordion. Orchestras play more formally in concerts or accompany the merrymakers outdoors and in the two Fiesta balls: the *Gran Baile de los Conquistadores* ($5 per couple) and the *Baile de la Gente* ($2.50 per couple). In the plaza the *Reina de la Fiesta* (this year Maria Pino), followed by her retinue of four princesses, is crowned. In the Palace of the Governors Indians dance and a good Spanish orchestra (this year the Mariachi Capitaleño of Chapala) plays. Other events are an Old Fashion show at the Museum; the *Parada de los Niños,* where gaily attired tots march under the proud eyes of their parents; competition square dances; the Annual Fiesta Exhibition of more than 250 painters and sculptors of New Mexico; the historical parade reliving the Spanish reconquest of 1692; and its parody, the hysterical parade, poking fun at public figures and current city, state, and national events. It is estimated that 20,000 persons from out of the city came to celebrate with the Santa Feans this year. Let us hope that Santa Fe keeps its Fiesta in the spirit in which it was conceived: one of artistic accomplishment, spontaneous expression, and democracy. On August 27 the *Santa Fe New Mexican* published a special Fiesta Edition with by-lines by Calla Hay, Oliver La Farge, Bill Baley, Phillip Higgins, William McNulty, Art Morgan, Will Shuster and Gustave Baumann. There one finds discussions of the history of Fiesta, of the arts, of folklore, of Indian and

Spanish culture, of the tolerance and creativity of Santa Fe. On the first page of the Fiesta section is a motto that might well serve as a national one: "Faith in ourselves, in our fellow men, in the right to freedom and in the dignity of human beings everywhere; faith informed and unfailing and dedicated to the present will insure the future."

POETRY QUARTERLY. The "Four Poems from *The Silver Circus*," by John Dillon Husband, published as "Poet Signature, III," in our Winter, 1949, issue, have been reprinted in the Summer, 1950, issue of *Poetry Quarterly*, London, England.

PUBLISHED IN THE SUMMER, 1950, ISSUE (128 pp.)

MARGARET ANDERSON — Happiness and Order [autobiography by the former editor of *The Little Review*]

WARREN BECK — A Verdict of Innocence [story]

ROBERT BUNKER — Oliver La Farge: The Search for Self

GILEAN DOUGLAS — Summer Solitude [essay on the Canadian wilderness]

JOHN GERSTINE — Davey [story]

CARL H. GRABO — Rhetoric for Rhetoricians

VINCENT C. KELLEY — New Mexico's Position in a Western Iron and Steel Industry

DEANE MOWRER — The Cracked Mirror and the Brazen Bull [omnibus review of poetry in 1949]

EILEEN SHAW — The Stallion [story]

POET SIGNATURE, V: Lawrence Olson

NMQ POETRY SELECTIONS: Howard Griffin, Lorine Niedecker, Louis Zukofsky, Annis Cox

GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, XXXIII (9 pp.)

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